

POEMS  
BY  
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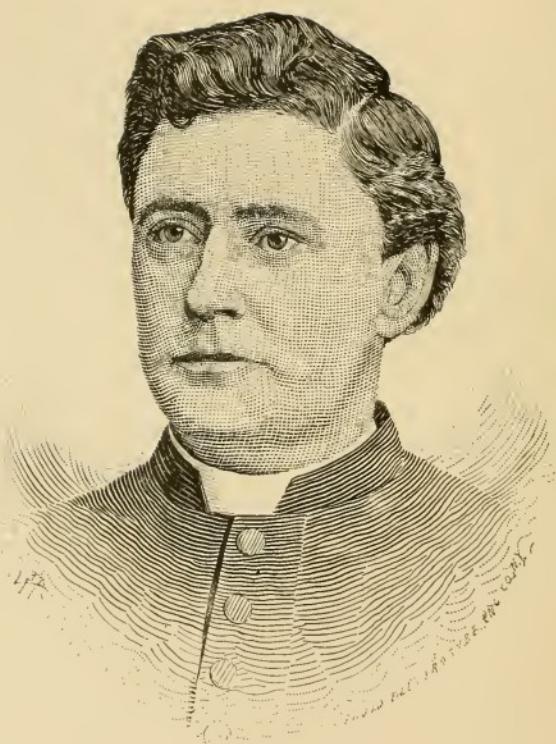












Wm. J. M. Clurey

# POEMS:

## RELIGIOUS

AND

## MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

WILLIAM JAMES McCCLURE,

RECTOR AT BARRYTOWN, N. Y.



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WILLIAM JAMES McCCLURE.

*To Rev. H. R———,*  
*(Montreal),*

*THE CLERIC'S MENTOR*

*and*

*THE POET'S FRIEND,*

*THIS BOOK*

*IS FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED*

*by*

*THE AUTHOR.*



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## RELIGIOUS.

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### A PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

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*DEDICATED TO THE CATHOLICS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
PROVINCE OF NEW YORK.*

---

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! we humbly pray to thee,  
That in thy sweet compassion our souls may sinless be;  
That strong in Faith united, a rampart we may form,  
Against the works of Unbelief, that ravage like a storm.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! so tender, pure and mild,  
That dwelt for our salvation in Bethlehem's holy child;  
Thy children lift their voices, with unison and love—  
Oh, hear them, bless them, guide them, to where thou art above!

O Sacred Heart of Jesus ! resplendent in the truth,  
That beat with calm pulsations in Nazareth's gentle youth ;  
Our youth from fell temptation deliver and preserve,  
That never from thy fealty our hearts and minds may swerve.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus ! of beauty without ban,  
That prompted mighty wisdom in Jerusalem's God-man ;  
Forgive the derelictions of those of elder age—  
Renew the faint devotion of all in pilgrimage.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus ! that bled in Calvary's gloom,  
That rose o'er death triumphant and glorified the tomb,  
Help thy unworthy suppliants, beset by worldly scorn—  
Protect us in religion until the Better Morn.

## AT PENTECOST.

In 'the shadow reclining—  
It wraps me round  
Like the sleep that encases  
A dreaming soul—  
I hear the sound  
Harmonic roll  
Through arches and blest places,  
And my mind is divining.

'Tis the most winsome Whitsuntide  
I 've lived in years of care :  
The Dove came down—  
A sinless crown  
It gave my soul to wear.

There 's a doorway before me,  
The full light beams  
Over chancel and altar,  
Touching the cross.  
A splendor streams  
'Midst hallowed gloss,  
As golden thought in the psalter,  
And the lamp-blaze burns o'er me.

A voice sings softly, lowly, sweet,  
Pleading saintly desires :  
    In twilight dim  
    More kind 's one hymn  
Than songs of many choirs!

Grant, Lord, from out Heaven's shining gate  
    Beams of the Holy Dove,  
That from my heart may vanish hate,  
    Possessing only love.  
Come with thy grace, O Holy Ghost,  
To bless this Pentecost ;  
The day that to the Christian's breast  
Brings light and life and rest.

---

## A VISION.

In a nook of a house where join many eaves,  
    And cosy security sanctifies rest,  
A dreamer bright thoughts into melody weaves,  
    And sings out his soul from the warmth of his  
        breast.

Apart from the turbulent world of the Real,  
    Pure dreams of the Beautiful soothingly rise,  
And an angel-form opes the shrine of Ideal,  
    With the glory of Heaven enriching her eyes.

A vision uplooms amidst petulant clouds,  
That seemingly battle, its glare to o'ershade :  
Eternity's semblance appears, and the crowds  
Of the silent spirit-world glitter and fade.

The souls that have prayed, and the souls that  
have fought,  
Outshine in their happiness, shrink in their woe;  
O'er-thronging the realms of the universe Thought—  
The saints on the hills, and the demons below.

Aloft in the zenith the Light of the Good,  
Enwreathed with the splendors of seraphic  
wings,  
Delights, as the sun in its summer-tide mood,  
And blesses the toilers as well as the kings!

Ay! th' angels, that stand and repose on the hills,  
All equal and blissful exult in its beams ;  
And the spirits of doom, 'midst shadows and ills,  
Upgaze with a longing, that sorrowful seems.

It departs, that vision of torment and weal,  
Like a vapor devoured by the radiant East,  
When Night and its phantoms to nothingness  
steal,  
And the glow of the world is by Heaven in-  
creased.

## CATHEDRAL BIRDS.\*

'Twas true Religion's holiday,  
    And benediction from on high  
Came down, 'midst priest-array  
    And multitude, to sanctify  
A great cathedral beautiful  
    In a great city's Sunday-lull.

Winged visitants flew o'er the scene,  
    And sang as though an angel-choir;  
Whilst worshipers of happy mien  
    Lifted their hearts, like flames of fire,  
In praise and joy, in joy and praise,  
    To God, for that bright day of days.

United woke the harmonies  
    Of Faith and Nature; all a-tune,  
The arches, as the tops of trees,  
    Resonant spread with music's croon.  
The voice of man, the song of bird,  
    And strains from instruments were heard.

---

\* During the ceremonies of dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, May 25th, 1879, birds entered at windows near the high altar, and sang.

Praise was full in the sacred house—

Joy was complete, and holy words  
Told glories of the Saviour's spouse.

Chanted the blithe cathedral birds  
Sweet intervals of artless song  
The capitals and aisles along.

Unseen, an angel company  
Watches the altar, where the Lord  
Of nations dwells for thee and me,  
O Christian pious, thus to ward  
The Holy of Holies, as of old  
The ark of God, of wood and gold.

This is my faith, and for my sense,  
The presences of outer forms,  
That lure to Heaven, that turn me thence,  
Are as soft zephyrs 'midst rude storms.  
And so my fancy searches words  
To celebrate cathedral birds !

---

### CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

Though parting from this varying world,  
With all its joys and woes,  
I grasp the flag of faith unfurled  
As life's stream upward flows ;

A Christian's hope within my breast  
Now lingers on the mind ;  
I 'm hastening to a lengthened rest,  
'Tis true, I am resigned.

Oh, do not grieve when I forsake  
This earth, with dangers fraught ;  
Soon, soon will all of death partake,  
This world will come to naught ;  
But think of blessed things beyond  
The firmament combined,  
Where lives eternal friendship's bond—  
Oh, yes, I am resigned.

Then lay my ashes in the tomb,  
So lonely and so drear—  
But why come o'er me thoughts of gloom ?  
My spirit 's full of cheer !  
The soul will soar and heavenward rise,  
To Him, most good and kind ;  
Oh, may I win for Christ the prize—  
I am, I am resigned.

## CHRISTMAS TIMES.

Thrice hail anew, blithe Christmas Times,  
So happily replete with chimes,

Suggesting kindly rarity  
From richest rich to poorest poor :  
Sweet Joy and Hope and Charity  
Come smiling in at every door—  
The offspring of the Christmas Times,  
Now resonant with many chimes.

They foster peace, these Christmas Times,  
Irradiant over War's wild crimes,  
Long wont to grieve and horrify ;  
They come with hymn and purging prayer,  
The God of all to glorify ;  
And angels chant adown the air :  
Live Peace, to bless the Christmas Times,  
Die War, and Pestilence, and Crimes !

O watchers in the eastern climes,  
Where first began the Christmas Times,  
Sound gladsome bells full merrily,  
Re-echoing o'er the western lands,  
As clear, as grand, as cheerily,  
Till sea and shore the joy expands  
Of these dear, holy Christmas Times,  
So laughingly replete with chimes !

## CONTRAST.

The Christian shines with traits of Christ,  
    The infidel has Evil's sheen ;  
By differing loves are each enticed—  
    Bridgeless the depth their loves between.  
The Christian's peace is peace alway ;  
    But worldly power and infidel  
Would Peace and Truth eternal slay—  
    The hopeless strife of Error swell.

The Christian, though oppressed by sin,  
    May rise, a victor penitent ;  
The infidel can never win  
    The glory of the innocent.  
The prize of power, with loss of soul,  
    The Christian would, perforce, repel,  
But worldly greatness is the goal  
    Of earth-adoring infidel.

The Christian is in Faith arrayed,  
    Protected by the sword of Truth ;  
The infidel elects the shade  
    Where Falsity has set her booth—  
Her votaries to lure, and deck  
    With robes of honor, rich and brave,  
That may not keep the soul from wreck—  
    That cannot pass the awful grave !

### EASTER BLESSINGS.

What are Easter blessings, spirit-seer ?  
 Are they passing riches, honors here ?  
 Do they to the outer sense appear ?

Easter blessings dwell among the meek,  
 Filling the heart, shining on the cheek ;  
 They are gifts of the pure, strong or weak.

To the young, the maiden and the swain,  
 Who have suffered self-denial's pain,  
 Easter blessings come with holy gain.

Manhood in true glory treads the ground ;  
 Womanhood with heavenly beauty's crowned,  
 That has Easter blessings sought and found.

Easter blessings are possessions sweet,  
 Held in those souls saved from sin's defeat—  
 The Resurrection's grace and love complete !

---

### EASTER LILIES.

What may we offer to the Lord arisen,  
 To him most precious, sweet and beauteous ?  
 Our hearts, all purified, like lovely lilies,  
 Our hearts, in God's attachment duteous.

Some flowers that grow beside an earthly river  
Are emblems of men's thoughts and yearnings—  
Of human griefs and modesty of living—  
Of sensual and heavenward burnings.

O brothers, sisters of the race of Adam,  
Select your gifts from earth's bright floral,  
Yet gather nothing for your Lord eternal  
That breathes not of his grace and moral.

Bring ye forth lilies of your hearts to give him,  
Tokens of freedom from sin's fetter ;  
And, as they never fade in this life's winter,  
They 'll fructify unto a better !

---

## ETERNITY.

Eternity ! Absorbing's the reflection  
Of another and never-ending life,  
Where souls are subject to divine inspection—  
The wicked banished to eternal strife—  
The good received as chosen ones of Heaven  
To live in bliss, by God's great mercy given

On that coming life the mind of man should  
dwell;

Let preparation mark each earth-spent hour;  
Blest acts and thoughts will in the end prove well—  
True germs that everlastingly will flower!

This grand world was formed by the Almighty  
will,

And favored man to live hereon was sent,  
The Creator's holy wishes to fulfill—  
For mankind's folly mankind must repent.

To God's judgment-seat each mortal will be called,  
And conscious deeds in contrast will be shown;  
How the erring spirit will be then appalled,  
'Tis terrible to fancy, not unknown.

Heaven's bright realm, where all the sainted souls  
sojourn,  
Is open, and the faithful there can rest;  
In the pit of Satan faithless millions mourn,  
Horrors surround, and none, ay, none are  
blest!

This life is a shortened one, and incomplete,  
Another world shall hold the human soul;  
Oh, may great throngs in Christ's redemption  
meet,  
To blissful live for aye, and God extol!

## HOW SAD THE THOUGHT.

As eve, with deepening shadows fraught,  
Succeeds the bright and smiling day,  
How very sadly comes the thought  
That those we love must pass away !

The solitude that wraps the night  
Casts o'er the mind Reflection's spell ;  
Then Fancy, in its loftiest flight,  
Brings dreams that joy and sorrow tell.

The dearest and the loveliest .  
Must sleep beneath Death's clayey pall,  
To rise to an eternal rest  
At God's most blest and mighty call !

Affliction visits sinful man,  
And fills the heart with solemn gloom ;  
May fortitude our sorrows span—  
Eternity is human doom.

Although by holy teaching taught  
That all must face Death's low'ring day,  
How very sadly comes the thought  
That those we love must pass away !

## HUMILITY.

A virgin humbly knelt,  
In attitude most meek,  
And, uncomplaining, felt  
The wrongs she would not speak.  
Men's rage and earthly scorn  
Her purity did chide,  
And o'er the world was borne  
A sweet rebuke to pride.  
Full kindly she forgave  
The agents of her woe,  
And that which would deprave  
Shrunk back, a weakened foe.  
Humility ! All hearts imbue,  
Glory of Virtue's retinue.

## IN MEMORIAM.

---

### I.

#### PIUS IX, POPE.

Died February 7th, A. D. 1878.

Dead is the Pontiff-father of the Christian orb,  
Long time the watcher and the warder of the  
truth—  
Pius, ninth of the name of those whose deeds ab-  
sorb  
So full a portion of the Church's strength and  
ruth.  
And how he loved Christ's Spouse, and how in  
her defense  
He was an exile and a prisoner, though a king;  
And how invasion came with violent pretense,  
And brooded, vulture-like, shadowing with its  
wing  
The country of the Popes—profaning Holy  
Rome—  
All this and more arise to faithful memory,  
Conning the conflict of Religion 'gainst the gnome  
Of worldly power, and steadfast o'er the Papal  
See  
Pius reigned ; but death hath set his saintly  
spirit free !

## II.

## ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

His body lying in state at Saint Patrick's (old) Cathedral,  
New York, January 7th, 1864.

A prelate of the Church lies dead—  
A foeman ever to all guile—  
Soft, soft, and saddened be each tread  
Up the Cathedral aisle.

A Christian hero mortally  
Reposes in that temple old,  
To mark how blest a man may die  
With heavenly souls enrolled!

Impassionless, and bending low,  
A multitude to mourn are met,  
And as they slowly come and go  
Each bosom sighs regret.

List, list! the Requiem upward rolls,  
And flees to Heaven in breathings sweet;  
'Tis answered by angelic souls  
Around the Judgment-seat.

## III.

REV. W. O'D——.

Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 5th, 1872.

How rests the young priest dead ?  
In the clay is his bed ;  
There, where the sere leaves fall,  
A fresh mound covers all  
Of earth of him who died,  
Faithful and sanctified.

A morn of clouds had come,  
And mid-day followed bright,  
And distant, far from home,  
Met friend with friend, to prove  
For him last deeds of love.  
Few souls of mortal sight  
Beheld the burial-scene,  
But peopled was the air  
With mourners mute, I ween,  
And sacred peace was there.

A child of Erin he—  
Here was his ministry,  
By ordination sealed ;  
A toiler in the field

Of soul-salvation true,  
He ever sought to strew  
Around the sinner's feet  
The flowers of virtue sweet ;  
And where God's temples stand  
Are traces of his hand.

There lies the young priest dead,  
Among his kinsmen's bones ;  
His spirit's heavenward fled ;  
His memory on stones  
Will be impressed ; but, oh,  
His truest monument  
Is in the hearts whose woe  
In prayers to God is sent !

---

## INVOCATION.

Come, sunlight of the summer days,  
Come, budding time and bloom,  
Come, years like sweet successive Mays,  
To garland o'er the gloom.  
Come, beams of everlasting Love,  
With faces of the fair ;  
Come, Friendsnip's hand, without the glove  
That false pretenders wear.

Come, cheerful sights and soothing sounds,  
In concord ever grand,  
Come, flowers, to beautify the mounds  
That sink to level land !  
Come, angel-visitors of dreams,  
To gladden and to bless ;  
Come, Truth, in never-ceasing beams,  
Come, holy Happiness.

---

## LABOR AND REST.

Sweet is the rest that followeth labor,  
For labor sanctifies rest ;  
As work is holy, rest is holy,  
And holiness is the test  
Of worthiness in the life of man,  
And it crowns his varied sphere and plan

Labor there is that hath no respite  
Of pleasant rest, calm and strong ;  
'Tis work accursed, however gilded—  
'Tis false, and so it is wrong—  
Withering at the breath of the Lord,  
Whose blessing is true labor's reward.

O brother ! whereso be thy labor,  
There is thy life, there is thy rest,  
And restless lives are those whose living  
Answer not the godly test ;  
Thy labor and thee soon will sever,  
But holy Rest remains forever.

---

## LEO IS PETER : A. D. 1888.

The minds of men may strive to peer  
Through what the Pope may say or do ;  
And some may weigh him as their fear  
Or fancy may dictate them to ;  
But this is what my firm faith hath—  
Through weal or woe, through good or ill,  
To truth shall come no lasting scath—  
Our Leo is but Peter still.

He holds the doctrine without change,  
Sealed by the blood of Jesus Christ ;  
He holds dominion o'er the range  
Of souls baptized and heaven-priced.  
No more, no less, than Peter taught  
Can Leo teach, and teach he will :  
To this the argument is brought—  
Our Leo is but Peter still.

'Twere better in wrong circumstance  
To suffer, and await the hour  
When Right shall rouse up from its trance,  
Than yield to guilty worldly power.  
The will of God 'fore that of men  
Is what all souls of grace fulfill ;  
I feel in heart, I stamp with pen  
Our Leo is but Peter still.

As God is one, and truth is one,  
There is one way of God and truth ;  
That way was by the Saviour-Son  
Marked for his Holy Church, forsooth ;  
And craven to an earthly fee—  
Though princes lives in vengeance spill—  
The Church's Head will never be !  
Our Leo is but Peter still.

Though grow mankind more wise than 't is,  
There is a wisdom over all  
The minds that ponder that or this,  
Of how the Pope and Church will fall.  
The struggle is not new nor done  
Between Christ's Spouse and worldly skill ;  
Yet truth shines out like star or sun—  
Our Leo is but Peter still !

## LIGHTS ALONG THE STREAM.

The sun behind the mountains disappeared,  
O'er other realms to glitter and to rise;  
In shadows wrapped, the woods looked dim and  
weird,  
And farewell rays with crimson flecked the  
skies.

The moon's mild face smiled sweetly in the  
east,  
The sun's departure clarified its beam,  
And, as the pall of evening increased,  
Lights shone afar, and flashed along the  
stream.

From cottage-homes in valleys near the shore,  
From mansions on the hilly slopes beyond,  
The twinkling lights grew radiant more and  
more,  
Like stars transferred to earth from heavenly  
bond.  
Silently passed the hours of slumb'rous night,  
And Luna sat 'mong lesser orbs supreme;  
There rose a charm—full beauteous was the  
sight—  
Each taper's glare reflected in the stream.

Calm moved the waves to mingle with the sea;  
Green groves and heights stretched to the river-strand ;  
Towns reared where fertile tracts wooed industry,  
Close-curtained until sunshine lit the land.  
Slowly the lights in darkness were entombed,  
And gloomier became the shore and stream;  
Men sought their couches, and dear sleep resumed—  
Some to unrest, some happily to dream.

Lights glow along the rapid stream of Time,  
And gladden life as ocean beacons far :  
Bright Hope, Love, Truth, and Christian Faith  
sublime,  
Reflected in the stream, and each life's star !  
May none be dimmed, linked in a glorious  
chain,  
To shine upon the surge with purest gleam ;  
If one be lost, may others yet remain  
To cheer the flow of Time's resistless stream.

## — LINES.

---

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception  
B. V. M., December 8th, 1879.

Blest be the memory of Pius,  
Whose life was full of holy deeds,  
Who ruled the Church, and knew its needs,  
Nor would the gracious help deny us  
Of that sweet Dogma, to the world  
Proclaimed, twenty years and five ago.  
The Truth then blazoned was unfurled  
On the broad scroll of Articled Belief,  
And high praise to God that it was so:  
Spotless was our Mother Mary made,  
To bring us Mercy's glorious relief—  
The Saviour—repentant sinners' aid !  
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Thanksgivings rise from all Christ's host.

---

## LOOK BEFORE !

Mariners, upon life's deep,  
Travelers, upon life's shore,  
In your thoughts the future keep—  
Look before !

Peasants, in the path of toil,  
Sages, in the fields of lore,  
Strive the future ne'er to spoil—  
Look before !

Soldiers, 'mid the battle's glare,  
Wretches, whom mankind deplore,  
Be not reckless nor despair—  
Look before !

Youth, relinquish ev'ry guile,  
Age, be righteous more and more,  
And the future time will smile—  
Look before !

---

### MARY, THE IMMACULATE.

She was the chosen maid of God—  
Determined by the Almighty mind—  
When Adam shrank before the rod,  
And Eden's pleasant ways resigned.  
'Twere vain to seek her radiant face  
In pride of temporal estate,  
For humblest of the human race  
Was Mary, the Immaculate.

Judah awaited many an age,  
Expectant of a Saviour-King !  
He came, but Judah, worldly sage,  
Knew not the Master, suffering ;  
For his was not the specious plan  
Of earthly power and riches great—  
The Son of God becameth man  
Of Mary, the Immaculate

Could Mary be a child of sin  
And be the Mother of the Lord ?  
The very words should freely win  
'Mong Christians, negative accord.  
For Faith denieth falsity,  
However learned and obstinate,  
And Reason utters its decree  
That Mary is Immaculate.

“Hail, full of grace !” the Angel said,  
“Hail, full of grace !” the Fathers kenned ;  
“Hail, full of grace !” Confessors prayed,  
“Hail, full of grace, our souls defend !”  
Thou wert retriever of the Fall,  
Thou art in glory elevate ;  
Be thou a Mother to us all,  
O Mary, so Immaculate !

## MORALITY.

The righteous mandate of the good,  
And Virtue's handmaid true—  
Erect and beautiful it stood  
As humankind the better grew.

In places where God's might is taught,  
Where truths spread far and wide,  
'Tis there it always should be sought,  
And there it always should abide.

At home, around the fireside hearth,  
In beauty let it reign;  
And those who wish for right on earth  
Should strive its purpose to sustain.

'Mid social circles, where unite  
The young, of manners gay,  
This theme should be the shining light  
To guide grave Duty on its way.

No land 's so dear as our own land,  
No home so sweet as our own home,  
No scene so prized as the old scene,  
No friend so kind as the old friend,  
No foe we know like our own foe,  
No joy we feel like our own joy,  
No grief 's so near as our own grief,  
No rest more wished than our own rest,  
No toil so irks as our own toil,  
No hope so cheers as our own hope,  
No love so warms as our own love,  
No faith so arms as our own faith—

On Earth.

Yes, a land there is—our true land,  
Yes, a home there is—our true home,  
Yes, a scene there is—a blest scene,  
Yes, our friends are there—our best friends,  
Yes, our foes come not to harm there,  
Yes, our rest will last—a long rest,  
Yes, our toils come not to tire there,  
Yes, our hope will have its meed there,  
Yes, our love will dwell for aye there,  
Yes, our faith will guide our souls there—

In Heaven.

## PRIESTLY LOVE.

Where there's full love of soul for souls  
God ever moves the human heart ;  
There is the priestly love, that doles  
Itself in acts, which are a part  
Of life complete—the outer rays  
That show what fire of love inburns,  
How good-will into goodness turns.  
A time of parting comes ; and then  
The people would not lose their priest :  
While toward his first-care strongly yearns  
The sacerdotal soul, his days  
Are theirs to whom he's sent ; and when  
His labor with his life has ceased  
A goodly memory rests with men.

---

## REMEMBER DEATH.

Remember, O Humanity !  
The end of earthly life ;  
Let not the heart with vanity  
Be filled, nor sin grow rife  
Within the deathless soul.  
God's holy name extol—  
Remember Death !

Ye rulers, and ye modest poor,  
Shackled with worldly cares,  
Keep, keep your many spirits pure,  
By soul-repentant prayers !  
Oh, walk the brightened way,  
For earth is as a day—  
Remember Death !

Solemn the hour—Eternity !  
By sacred words defined ;  
The perils of Death's shadowy sea—  
Absorbing to the mind.  
Grand Christian truths remain :  
May all God's blessings gain—  
Remember Death !

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## SAINT AGNES.

Commemorative of First Mission.

The saints are blest examples, Lord;  
The granary of Heaven is stored  
With the ripe garner of thy sowing;  
The souls of men and women, lit  
With light supernal, cherished it,  
And rose in endless splendor glowing.

And so Saint Agnes, in the time  
Of martyred hosts and pagan crime,  
    Gave to thy love her youth and beauty ;  
No other spouse than Thou was hers—  
She would not with false worshipers  
    Betray her pure and sacred duty.

She lived the life of holy grace,  
She died with glory on her face,  
    And in her blood, O Lord, she won thee.  
Beneath her tutelage benign  
Is placed this priestly mission mine—  
    Then be thy benediction on me !

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### SAINT CATHERINE'S CONVENT.

Sisters of Mercy, New York.

Home of the righteous ! Mercy's fair retreat  
For souls who wish to serve but God alone,  
And, serving Him, the ills of man defeat,  
By true instruction, consolations meet,  
    To those that in misfortunes' fetters groan.

It is the spirit's resting-place upon life's earthly road,

Where flow pure fountains of divine intent,  
And many weary, halting hearts cast off their  
sinful load,

Through blest persuasion—holy Sacrament.

Home of the gentle ! where the child may come,  
And those whose hearts would be as children's  
are ;

Where piety and patience close the sum  
Of duty, nor can be estranged therefrom ;

Where woman shines, of tenderness a star.

Ay, thus the Convent of Saint Catherine its mission holds,

Doing all in Mercy's name, pleasing Him  
Whose power the illimitable universe enfolds,  
Enthroned 'midst seraphim and cherubim.

## SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,

NEW YORK.

The cause of God ennobles every work  
Done for his glory. In far times and deeds  
Rose the vast basilicas, and the seeds  
Planted through Christ's blood had generous  
fruitage,  
Despite the wars of heretic and Turk.  
How is it with the Church in this proud age ?  
Her children for her altars plant foundations,  
Erect the column and place the capital,  
Till high the cross-crowned spire invites the  
nations.  
There rises o'er Manhattan a cathedral,  
Venerable, yet new, of Gothic beauty.  
It is a mark of holy love and duty ;  
'Tis a splendor, resting on earth in blessing,  
Pointing toward Heaven—Christian Faith con-  
fessing.

## SAFETY IN FAITH.

The eye of mind Columbia's future scans,  
As gazing wide it views the present's plans,  
And sees the past writ in ten thousand tomes—  
The fall of Eden—glory such as Rome's,  
Where Cæsars ruled with pagan enterprise,  
And made a god of State, and worshiped lies :  
Scorning the sweet, strong force of Christ's high  
    creed,

That taught the world, depraved to spirit-need,  
And told mankind that there 's a Power o'er all—  
Divine, immortal, howe'er rise or fall  
The works of men, telling the earthly State  
Its true allegiance to the Increate,  
Whence comes its life, as body formed of soul—  
Whence myriad spheres in seriate orbits roll.

The godship of the State a prey desired ;  
And martyrs for the early Faith expired ;  
Then rose the fabric of the Christian Church,  
Then fell State-deity from Falsehood's perch,  
And yearned the soul of man, whereso he trod,  
From creature to Creator—earth to God.  
Freed from State-deism's chain, and full of youth,  
Emerged the Church in triumph of the truth.

Upon her brow the thorns were changed to flowers;  
The dial she, whereon Salvation's hours  
Revolve, advancing, until time is done.  
She was the brightness of the world—the sun—  
The safety of the peoples, checking rule  
Misused—she's still the same—man's holy school !

A god of Irreligion now is reared ;  
Nor stone, nor wood is in its fane endeared,  
Nor sacrifice is offered in its name,  
For 'tis a nothingness. Oh, the shame !  
To live a life without the Faith, as though  
Without a deathless soul, inspired to know  
And seek its Saviour-Lord, its bliss and boon,  
And rest with him in heavenly commune.  
Indifference is nothingness, withal  
So like a god—an intellectual thrall,  
That binds my countrymen in numbers down,  
And serfs they are when they might wear the crown  
Of Faith—wherein's defense for soul and State—  
Expressed by works, that mark its good innate.

In Faith there's safety, loss in Unbelief ;  
To skill the mind and morals blunt is chief  
Of all the means to make men greatly bad,  
And beckon on destruction, passion-mad.

Never, my country, be to thee the doom  
Of olden land, immersed in pagan gloom ;  
But, clasping close the Cross that Jesus blest,  
Stand 'midst the nations with true Christian crest.  
Thy laws will then be merciful and just,  
Nor smitten by the deeds of public lust,  
That murder to the heart the growing life  
Of hopeful empires, like th' assassin's knife.—  
Thy glory will be highest as 'tis given  
From the grand torch of Faith, which burns to  
Heaven!

---

## SOUL SECRETS.

There are deep memories to mankind kin,  
Linked oft to holy virtue, oft to sin,  
Of which the worthiest friend, the kindest sire,  
Know naught of, be they beautiful or dire.  
They are soul secrets, bright and dark at times,  
And born of Christian deeds and godless crimes.

The man who treads his fellow in the dust,  
And he who ventures to be true and just,  
Have each their daily share of hidden thought,  
With blest and fiendish doings ever fraught—  
Have each—adverse in mind—to men ungiven—  
Secrets that drag to hell or raise to Heaven.

The martial conqueror, the civic sage,  
And toilers on life's lowly paths, where age  
And youth go journeying—gracious and rude—  
Keep secrets, conned in fav'ring solitude.  
Ay ! spirit-thralled, with peasant and with king,  
Live recollections glad and sorrowing.

So twine wild mysteries around the soul,  
To quickly blast, when Judgment's thunders roll ;  
So mingle sweetest thoughts within the brain,  
Of smiling visages, released from pain—  
As God looks down in glory from his throne,  
And marks the vile, and makes the good his own.

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## SURSUM CORDA.

Within Cathedral walls grand accents rang,  
And music drank their echoes ; softly sang  
The choristers, responsive to the word  
Pronounced in solemn tones unto the Lord.  
Myriad lights shone o'er the altar's crest,  
And many forms were bending to be blest.  
The gleam of morn relit the panels' gloss,  
And wreathed a glory round the Christian  
Cross;

All hearts seemed in communion with their God—  
This admonition broke as from the sod :

Sursum Corda !

Within a cottage at the hour of eve—  
That time when labor has its short reprieve—  
A group knelt, unrestrained by social fears,  
As peacefully their souls went down the years.  
They felt the rapture of a worthy life,  
And dearest to the husband was the wife,  
And sweetest was the little playful child,  
In all its sunlight pranks so glad and wild.  
They happy were, from worldly strife apart,  
This admonition pure in ev'ry heart :

Sursum Corda !

'Twas ere grim Battle ope'd its fiery woes,  
Ere heaped and scattered lay the bleeding foes,  
That down the line there passed a holy man,  
To bless the warriors as the fight began.  
They were the soldiers of a true crusade,  
For Freedom taught them tyrants to degrade.  
While burying foul Tyranny's remains,  
Upon the living stood no dastard stains ;  
And those that fell on fields of slaughter wide  
Still kept this admonition as they died :

Sursum Corda !

## THE AGNOSTIC.

The truth he does not know  
That lies within Faith's ken ;  
Yet confidence may show  
To words of fellow-men.  
To earth his seared heart turns—  
To Heaven he will not look ;  
His mind, ignoring, spurns  
Tradition and the Book.

A child of nature, he,  
Devoid of saving Hope,  
Lives out life's mystery,  
Nor to the light would grope  
In search of endless Home.  
His hope's in world-unrest,  
For pearls he touches foam ;  
His days are vain, unblest.

Without the Faith that frees,  
Without the Hope that lifts,  
Without the works in these,  
Through days and years he drifts.  
The love of self survives  
Where love of God should be,  
And holds him in its gyves—  
He has not Charity !

## THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS.

A Memory of Seminary Life.

It is the solemn hour, and music sounds  
Where many lights illume the sacred place—  
The altar, sanctuary, farther bounds.  
  
Now enter, with ecclesiastic grace,  
The spliced lines ; now they, slow-moving, face  
The tabernacle, genuflect, and pass  
To left and right, and so range tier on tier  
T' attend the gladsome Christmas Midnight  
Mass.  
  
The celebrant and ministers appear,  
And chants the choir, and breathes the organ  
forth,  
To glorify the Babe that came one year  
To save not merely east, west, south or north,  
But all the world, from blasting sin and vice,  
And here again He's given in Sacrifice !

## THE CRUSHED ROSE.

A rose lay crushed upon the sod,  
By some unknown and heedless heel,  
That o'er it ruthlessly had trod,  
But could not all its beauty steal.  
'Twas with'ring on the dew-damp ground,  
Snatched from its life-providing stem ;  
Its sweet companions blushed around :  
Though crushed and dead, 'twas one of them !

A kindly hand preserved the rose,  
And placed it in a casket fair ;  
A soft voice said : " Howe'er life flows,  
'Twill prove a moral mentor there."  
Unconscious was the reckless heel  
That crushed the rose upon the sod ;  
It could not all the fragrance steal,  
That drew another soul to God !

---

## THE HEART.

The heart is a casket, wherein is set  
The spirit-gems of man, vouchsafed by God.  
In life's pristine hours 'tis closed : unconscious  
To itself is the smile of the infant,  
Yet 'tis heavenly as the sunshine or  
Starlight above dim terrestrial realms.

Tender is the radiance of the op'ning  
Casket, though faint the glitter of its gems.  
Childhood's joyous time succeeds oblivious  
Infancy ; character expands, reason  
Develops ; the gems in their places gleam  
With purity so pure that the future  
May boast not the ascendancy. Behold—  
The casket opens ! Love, Humility,  
Faith, Hope, Truth, and their sister virtues are  
Revealed, and radiate the soul ; in them  
The simple delights of life's morning are  
Reflected : Oh, that those would always  
Shine as beauteous, the glory of the heart !  
Youth dawns, and the world's tendencies allure  
The spirit, and alas ! dross commingles  
With the innate gems, and shames the casket.  
Hatred, Falsity, and all passions dark  
Instill the heart and shade its loveliness.  
Love outshines Hate, yet Hatred blackens Love ;  
Love still survives, the highest gem, most dear.  
Honor beams, but Falsity may subdue,  
Truth's splendor oft is dim, but never dies.

Days gather into years, and the casket  
Crumbles beneath the valley's sod, mayhap,  
Or nearer the sky. Where repose the gems  
That were its happiness ? In Heaven's crown.

And whither falls the dross, so very dark ?  
Satan grasps it as he alone can grasp,  
To mar all good in unresisting souls,  
And drag them to his fiends forever down !

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## THE HEART OF JUNE.

The age of the faithless mind behold  
As the stream of intellect wanders ;  
Unlit from above, its depths are cold,  
'Neath evil it darkens and squanders.  
There is poison in its turbulent waters,  
The demon of Pride is lord of its swells,  
And mourns Humility, watching the slaughterers  
Of souls in the bondage of Error's spells.

O for the Faith and the Sacred Heart,  
Fired with the flame of purest burning ;  
O for the blight of satanic art,  
Bringing to wrong from highest yearning.  
Not groping through Scorn's caverns and ex-  
panses,  
Not rising on Presumption's faulty wing,  
The spirit of the Sacred Heart advances,  
The glory of the holy and the spring.

In the richness and the warmth of June  
The Christian soul wakes to devotion,  
And, its tender chords, outstretched a-tune,  
Calmed is the restive human ocean ;  
For 'tis the Sacred Heart of Jesus bleeding  
In the long love of many hundred years,  
It is its deep pulsation sweetly pleading,  
That every day of pleasant June endears.

Behold the age of the Sacred Heart—  
The age of the intellect shaded ;  
O heart and mind, remain not apart,  
Be your thoughts and affections blended,  
In the warp and woof of godly living,  
In the lifting Faith of eternal boon,  
In the clinging Hope of the All-forgiving,  
In the Charity of the Heart of June !

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## THE MOTHER OF MAY.

As Charity's flame outburns through ages,  
Speeding to ending ;  
As rays of youth enlighten the pages  
Of life's book, lending

A plenteous glow to the theme of day,  
So burns the holy Mother of May—  
Charity's Queen—  
So shines the beauteous Mother of May  
In youth serene.

As dews of mercy gladden the chastened,  
Rising from sinning,  
As precious purity may be hastened  
In its sweet winning,  
And ever remain for those that pray,  
So gladsome is the Mother of May—  
High Mercy's Queen—  
So winsome is the Mother of May  
In spotless sheen.

As power of grace the feeble enforces,  
Roused to well-doing,  
As the humble heart calms its remorses,  
For virtue suing,  
Raising the spirit enclosed in clay,  
So ever and aye, by night and day,  
From morn till e'en,  
Mother of Grace is Mother of May—  
Humility's Queen!

## THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

"There is a very beautiful peculiarity in the mountain, as its name shows. The principal peak is composed of gneiss, and the cross fractures of the rock on the eastern slope have made two great fissures, which cut into one another at right angles, and hold their snow in the form of a cross the summer long.—*Picturesque America*, vol. II, p. 502.

Anear a Rocky Mountain-top a pallid Cross is placed ;  
Not by pencil, not by chisel, nor human hand 'tis traced ;  
For the labor elemental, aërial, terrene,  
Was within the grasp of Nature, and there she holds the scene.

The traveler looks upward, as it were in search of God,  
As 'mid the Western giant peaks his feet, aweary, plod ;  
He sees not the Almighty's face, yet not entire the loss—  
He views one of his monuments—the Mountain of the Cross.

In recollection of the way in which the Saviour  
died,

He kneels, and speaks some childhood prayers  
that with him still abide.

'Tis not a sainted spot, forsooth, 'tis not Mount  
Calvary,

But the mark upon the mountain is the semblance  
of the Tree !

Before the Eastern pioneers had pierced the far-  
ther wild,

The labor of the elements divided and compiled—  
And Nature, as a sculptor, cut vast fissures, full  
of night,

And Nature, as a limner, made the sculpture  
snowy white.

So, on a Rocky Mountain-side the Holy Cross is  
placed,

By the fissures and the snow-falls the sign of  
Faith is traced;

And the Christian in the valley may bend upon  
the moss,

Lifting up his heart to Heaven at the Mountain  
of the Cross.

## THE RELIGIOUS TEST.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."—1st Amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

There was of old, in puritan times,  
A fierce religious test ;  
When other faiths were civil crimes,  
And so by law opprest,  
Contemned like plays or pantomimes  
By those that worshiped best !

A conflict, redd'ning into blood,  
From royal fealty tore  
Strong commonwealths—a brotherhood  
Outsprung from Right and War—  
Then no religious test withstood  
The liberty they swore.

Their sages in the halls of state  
Proclaimed the power begot ;  
Religion, on the charter great,  
They freed—they hindered not;  
Religious test it shows in hate—  
To faiths leaves equal lot.

A conflict, redd'ning into blood,  
The young Republic tore,  
Disparted was the peaceful flood  
And bellowed civil war :  
Then men of every faith were good  
For fight—for death—ay. more !

Now, on the charter of the free,  
The words as written stand,  
That trace religious liberty,  
Whilst peopled States expand :  
Religious test is bigotry,  
A demon in the land !

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### THE STEEPLES OF SAINT ROSE.

"Saint Rose" and "Saint Therese" are villages of Canada,  
northward from Montreal.

The steeples of Saint Rose,  
Standing like twin flambeaux,  
Shine in the light of morn :  
There by the Mille Isles' flood  
They mark the land for good—  
The parish church adorn.

Canadian glories fair,  
They coruscate in air  
    Above Saint Rose's homes ;  
And far away are seen  
Their forms of glancing sheen,  
    Where rise scholastic domes.

When wandering clouds go by,  
Shading the earth and sky,  
    Those temples dimmer grow ;  
But when, without a frown,  
The sun beams brightly down,  
    They as in gladness glow !

Like sentinels of Faith,  
Erect they rise—beneath  
    Them the soil of Terrebonne,  
And eyes from Saint Therese  
Gaze with a look of peace  
    Those steeples grand upon.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

Expands the spirit in the thought of God,  
And open out its wings of Faith and Hope,  
Upward pointing; wrapped in its fleshy clod,  
'Midst human limitations forced to grope,  
It strives to pierce the world's reality,  
And look upon Heaven's immortality.  
'Tis Charity that lifts the spirit so,  
And shows the blest expanse, wherein may go  
Its yearnings, searching skyward for its realm.  
The thought of God is lustrous with the light  
That shadows of the earth cannot o'erwhelm ;  
For, bounded not by either time or night,  
It has the glory of eternal day,  
Fixed on the throne of Omnipresent sway.

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## THE TWELVE.

" And a great sign appeared in Heaven : A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." —APOC., xii : 1.

Who were the men in whose brave trust  
The Saviour sacred power gave?  
They were of weakness and of dust—  
God's instruments the world to save.

What knew they then of Latin lore?  
What knew they e'en of Grecian art?  
They knew indeed whom to adore,  
They knew the grandeur of the heart.

As Jacob's sons were numbered twelve,  
Whence sprang the Israelitish tribes—  
So wont in Holy Land to delve,  
Ere rose the Pharisees and Scribes—  
So numbered were the apostolic choir  
By Him who came to man redeem;  
And he was first who willed to aspire  
By love, and not ambition's dream.

Saint Peter! he whose simple faith  
And unlearned mind o'ermatched the learned ;  
Who for the true cast falsehood's wraith,  
And for his Lord the earthy spurned,  
Till Jew and Gentile bowed beneath  
The primate-power entrusted him ;  
And so upon his head the wreath  
Of sainthood sits, though suns grow dim.

Saint Andrew, second in the line,  
Was Peter's brother, following  
The Lamb of God, the Word Divine,  
Poor human nature hallowing.

As was his Master, crucified,  
Saint Andrew hung upon a cross ;  
A martyr to the Faith he died,  
And for its gain he thought no loss.

Third of the gifted, sainted train  
Was James, a son of Zebedee ;  
He left the fisher's boat and main  
At Jesus' call of "Follow me."  
Upon high Thabor he beheld  
The glory of transfigured Christ,  
And preached the Truth in land of eld,  
And sanctified, till sacrificed.

Saint John, of Jesus much beloved,  
Was fourth in place, and pure of soul ;  
In Patmos, by a vision moved,  
He copied Heaven upon a scroll.  
As he with Mary mournful stood,  
To watch the death-throes of his Lord,  
He is the type of brotherhood  
That Christians hold by Jesus' word.

Fifth on the roll, with godly care,  
Saint Philip kept his Master near,  
As out upon the mountain spare  
A sweet compassion urged his fear ;

Yet all the multitude were fed.

He filled in fine his mission's sum  
Among the heathens, spirit-led,  
And died the death of martyrdom.

The Gospel-page the sixth recalls  
Of those from whom the priesthood grew ;  
Armenia in grace installs  
The fame of Saint Bartholomew.  
'Midst trials dire and cruel fact  
He harvested the garner blest ;  
Religion glorifies the act,  
And claims his soul in endless rest.

Saint Thomas, doubtful of the scene  
Of Jesus risen, flesh-encased,  
Was seventh of the twelve, between  
Bartholomew and Matthew placed.  
His life was forfeit to his zeal,  
In union with so many good;  
He fought the fight, was sealed with seal  
Of Him for whom he gave his blood.

Within the public censor's stall  
Saint Matthew sat, and Jesus came ;  
Within the college eighth of all  
The publican is marked by name.

The first to write the Gospel theme,  
As last was the Apostle John,  
His deeds were fitting to the scheme  
For which Christ walked the world upon.

In justice dipped to garment's hem,  
Ninth of the sacred company,  
First Bishop of Jerusalem,  
Was James, the son of Alpheus he.  
In self-control his hours were spent,  
And, cast adown the temple-height,  
His gentle spirit upward went  
To God and gladness, peace and light.

Saint Jude, who Thaddeus was named,  
Was tenth, with mind and heart of strength ;  
In Mesopotamia famed,  
To Persia he went at length ;  
And thus with Simon, eleventh peer,  
He sowed the doctrine of the just ;  
They shine above with brightness clear,  
Rewarded for their work and trust.

In lieu of Judas, twelfth and last,  
Was Saint Mathias, of the rest  
The chosen, by the blind lot's cast—  
Now dwells he in our Father's breast.

Behold, a faithful one was given  
Where Judas as a traitor fell :  
That one a candidate of Heaven,  
And this a suicide of hell !

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## TO SAINT ANN.

The thought of thee, Saint Ann, is not as maid,  
But matron ; on thy countenance the shade  
Of age thy sainthood venerable makes :  
That thou art motherly the heart conceives,  
That thou hast charity the mind believes,  
For none of ripen'd holiness partakes  
Whose will is not with God's for sinners' sakes.  
Be thy petitions for the spirit-weak,  
Be thy sweet vigils for the spirit-strong ;  
A multitude thy intercession seek,  
Struggling amidst the unbelieving throng.  
Then pray to God for them—for me—  
That bear the body of life's misery,  
Though happy in the hope of blest reward—  
O mother of the mother of the Lord !

## TREASURES.

Worldly treasures are cherished well,  
There's avarice of gems and gold,  
Strong bolts to iron boxes tell  
The riches that their alcoves hold.  
From earthly wealth the mind and heart  
Are uninclined, forsooth, to part :  
The poor desire alluring gain,  
The rich desire to rich remain.

Through sense man judgeth overmuch,  
But Faith reveals a dearer prize  
Than meeteth any human touch  
Or lieth under mortal eyes.  
Virtues are brighter, worthier gems  
Than fill the kingliest diadems,  
And Charity's the only gold  
That souls, to enter Heaven, need hold !

## WORD AND DEED.

The word flows forth from the brim of thought,  
“Persevere” it is, a mandate sage,  
From which the feeling of good is caught,  
If it fall on sense in firm truth taught,  
Like the anchor on its anchorage.

The heart, as the sea, to perils wed,  
May e'er be touched by the hopeful word ;  
Yet what is the end when all is said,  
When the force of man is seeming dead,  
And his spirit ne'er to doing stirred ?

In the godly deed the word's fulfilled,  
The harbor is gained, the mine explored ;  
The book is writ and the farm is tilled,  
Salvation comes to the holy-willed,  
And work is done that pleases the Lord !



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### I.

#### AFFECTION FOR NATURE.

The fervor of Love may be maddened,  
The heart of the lover be saddened,  
By the scorn of her he adored ;  
Earth's round may seem black to him,  
Till her love comes back to him,  
And clings to the soul it ignored ;  
But there 's an affection that maddens not,  
So calm in the heart that it saddens not,  
It quickens at home, and 'tis cherished abroad,  
For landscapes and waters where Nature is lord.

The dew-drops that moisten the morning,  
The ocean, whose thunder-like warning  
Comes crashing from billowy brine—  
Creations that charmingly  
'Midst woodlands and mountains be,  
Are glorious lovers of mine !  
Their converse exalts, and thoughts upheaving  
Pluck inspiration from sweets inweaving,  
And their mingled presences shadow and shine  
With beauty and majesty almost divine.

## A REMINISCENCE.

Where brooklets sing 'mong rocks and sands,  
And grassy hillocks touch the tide,  
Where woody depth unpruned expands  
From mountain to the river-side,  
Where flaunts the breeze that bent the rose  
Within some unintruded bower,  
To coquet with the waves' repose  
And amplify their flashy power ;  
Where brightest hues adorn and flush  
The wild, yet sweet, endearing scene,  
O'er which the robin and the thrush  
Trill melody, the leaves between,  
And fly to airy realms serene,  
But strike an echo in the souls  
Of listeners, that joy controls—  
'Tis there loved recollections cling,  
'Tis there in thought I'm wandering.

Anear the spot whereon the village rears,  
So dear in childhood's hours, familiar still,  
A streamlet winds, supplied by highland tears,  
And moves the wheel that plies the ancient mill;  
O'erarched by mingling shrub and sturdy oak,  
With sister-trees and brakes of freshest mien,

That fall beneath the stalwart woodman's stroke,  
Its purling waters animate the scene.

Bright flowers are there, with fragrant beauty  
crowned,

Wild vines among, untrimmed by human hand,  
Profusely clasp, in mazy structure bound,  
To ornament the yet unblemished land !

Here, 'mid the stones that throng the valley's base,  
And there, o'er pebbly beds and 'twixt small  
isles,

The streamlet murmurs on untired apace,  
And seethes adown the forest's rocky piles,  
Till ev'ry eddy seems of magic mould,  
To fascinate the deep-embosomed dell,  
And flash and flow across the open wold,  
Past farmers' homes, where worth and kindness  
dwell.

The tinted bloom, the leaflet and the thorn,  
The gracious skies that glorify the morn,  
A mem'ry bring, unlinked with spirit-pain,  
A mem'ry glad'ning as the linnet's strain.

'Twas on a summer-day, and noon the hour,  
When round the school-room portal met  
Gay, blithesome hearts, in life's young op'ning  
flower,  
Each cheek with health's bright ruby set.

A gala afternoon was promised all :  
Anticipation of much joy  
Illumed those spirits freed from learning's thrall,  
And lit the eyes of girl and boy  
With freedom's light—that quick, vivacious glow !  
While o'er their sports the wild birds sang,  
And the answering choruses below  
Gave back a strain that aptly rang  
In bosoms used to Nature's simple song.  
To pleasure's lurements all resigned,  
True merriment beset that friendly throng,  
So learned in sport, though not in mind.

But soon a deep and sudden hush was there,  
Like some great equatorial calm,  
When seamen furl the sails against the air  
And seas are free from billowy qualm.  
No dark-winged cloud athwart the sunshine came,  
No thunder-crash or darting lightning-flame :  
Amid the group in modesty appears  
A man of earnest eye and elder years.

“We 'll to the brookside go,” he kindly said  
(It was the master of the village school),  
“Where vines and branches mingle overhead,  
And ripples flash, as zephyrs cool

Sweep 'neath the boughs, and o'er the mossy rim  
Waft health and music to the vale.

I 'll read aloud of times to memory dim,  
And tell an interesting tale.

Then all departed from the cherished space,  
Where late light sportiveness was seen ;  
And with a joyousness and gentle grace  
Proceeded to the bowers of green.

Upon the slopes that bind and charm the stream  
The students 'round their tutor dear  
An auditory formed, as gleam on gleam  
Stole in from skies of brightest cheer.  
He read of mighty states and valiant men,  
And cited morals—with learned phrase  
Told of events unchronicled, and again  
Would vice condemn and virtue praise.

The flow'rets blushed beside the streamlet wave,  
The trees stood motionless, and seeming grave ;  
Eve threw its shades about the woodland grand,  
As homeward sped that young and joyous band.

From hills that o'er that lovely village rise  
The homes of comrade hearts greet well the  
eye ;  
Some have returned to dust, some good and wise,  
Some merry and elate, some doomed to sigh !

No longer stands the olden school-house where  
The rustic youth were taught life's needful  
lore,

No trace remains but stony fragments bare  
Of walls that sheltered hearts well-known of  
yore.

Deep rolls the noble river, rural homes beside,  
And winging crafts sweep on where trade com-  
mands;

There lurks a music in its blue-tint tide,  
There 's gem-like brightness in its wave-washed  
sands !

Endearing memories of earlier days !  
'Tis sweet on them to ponder, and to lift  
Once beauteous scenes again to mental gaze,  
As down life's stormy gulf the soul may drift :  
Spring's new-born freshness glories wood and  
stream,

And Summer beauties tenderly adorn ;  
Autumnal hues o'er cliff and valley gleam,  
Stern Winter banishes the bloom—Spring-born,  
As passes by the proud and changeful year,  
Fraught oft with bliss and oft with sorrow's tear.  
Amid the world's engagements and decoys,  
Youth's recollections come and picture joys !

## AUTUMN.

'Tis Autumn, and the fresh green leaves  
• Grow yellow, pale and sear ;  
The grain is housed—packed up in sheaves—  
For wintry days are near.

The blooming Summer-time has fled,  
And growing plants mature ;  
Jack Frost will soon uprear his head  
To torture rich and poor !

The fruits in tempting clusters cling,  
And lusciously they fall,  
As rough'ning winds the brown leaves fling  
On meadow, stream, and mall.

The flowers in dying beauty hang  
Where erst they flourished sweet ;  
The birds, that on the tree-tops sang,  
Fly south on pinions fleet.

The farmer gathers in his store  
That Industry supplies,  
And fondly looks the furrows o'er  
Where grew his Summer-prize.

The varied hues of Autumn-time,  
How fair, yet sad are they—  
Embellishing the world sublime,  
And warning of decay !

O kindly season of the year,  
Though sadness robes you round,  
Abundance gives the warmth and cheer  
That in your heart is found !

---

## A WAIF.

Broad-cultured grounds, artistic, grand,  
Where lingers rich, exotic grace,  
Inspire not, as divinely planned ;  
No, no, 'tis in the forest-space—  
Where, unconfined, dear Nature smiles—  
That scenes appear, by Mem'ry kept :  
Firm as the beauteous tropic isles,  
By billows of the ocean swept !

## A WALK IN WINTER.

The hills rose, in seeming, contritely,  
The village reposed on the plain ;  
And its homes, the grand and unsightly,  
Were nurturing gladness and pain,  
When out in the sunshine I wandered,  
As icicles fell from the eaves ;  
And earnestly, heartily pondered  
O'er life, and the doom it receives.

Ay ! tender and calm I reflected  
O'er landscapes enshrouded in snows,  
Where, by the Almighty directed,  
The eyes of the flow'rets unclose,  
And thought of the souls whose long sorrows  
Ne'er leave them, as snowdrifts the sod—  
Who dread the unfathomed to-morrows,  
Save that one which gives them to God.

Neat dwellings and rickety hovels  
Reached down to the river's steep side—  
The one like a menial that grovels,  
The other a servant of pride.  
Ah ! faces there were that looked haggard,  
As they peered from weather-torn doors,  
Past which the gay opulent swaggered,  
Like strangers from happier shores.

On pathways by Boreas beaten,  
Lay December's aqueous gems,  
But their gleam the scene could not sweeten  
Like the brightness of blossoming stems.  
Nay ! not even the little winged creatures,  
That flitted so innocent near,  
Could revive the angelic features  
That mark the fresh bloom of the year.

That high joy of the soul was wanting,  
By beauty permitted and given,  
And a wish my bosom was haunting  
That this earth be more like to Heaven ;  
But I gazed on the dissolute father—  
His wife, in her famished abode—  
Their children, who shyly would gather  
The brambles that burdened the road.

I saw the poor man at his labor,  
The rich with his trappings and bells,  
The meeting of neighbor and neighbor—  
The smile of old friendship, that tells  
Of heart scenes and merrisome places  
In the May of Memory's land—  
Of loved ones, whose beautiful faces  
By seraphs in Heaven are scanned !

The woodlands, all leafless and dreary,  
No dreamers allured to their aisles ;  
Not even the houseless man weary,  
Who trudges his tortuous miles.  
Dark crows on the tree-tops were cawing—  
Methinks their sharp discord I hear,  
And the thought to my spirit is drawing  
A sadness that urges a tear.

I paused on a rock of the highland,  
The vastness of Nature to scan ;  
And beheld in mainland and island  
The earthly arena of man.  
And as the clear sunbeams enlightened  
The gaunt, naked forms of the wood,  
Their aspect seemed deathly and frightened,  
Though ever unconscious they stood.

What a chill encompassed the distance,  
What a coldness bordered the sky !  
No roses to garland existence,  
And mingle their fragrance, and die.  
There river and mountain and valley  
Full frostily, icily spread ;  
But the verdure, awaiting its rally,  
Was hid with humanity's dead !

## BANKS OF BLOOM.

They rise above the wave,  
Those banks of bloom ;  
And to the hearts that crave  
Relief from gloom  
No sweeter charm is given  
To lift from earth to Heaven,  
Than that which fills  
Those fragrant hills.

Peep out the mossy rocks,  
Flower garlanded ;  
Sprinkled with four-o'clocks  
And clover red,  
Spreads grass of early Summer ;  
Pleasant to every comer  
Is the hewn seat  
In yon retreat.

There live collective loves,  
There roses throng,  
And lilies wake like doves  
In airs of song !  
Their petals, seeming winglets,  
Flutter amidst the ringlets  
Of trailing vine  
And eglantine.

The cottage porch in view,  
Between the trees,  
The sunshine breaking through,  
The birds and bees  
And human peaceful voices—  
In such the soul rejoices—  
They bless, illume,  
Those banks of bloom !

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## BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Buds and blossoms, buds and blossoms—  
First bright off'rings of the year—  
Bathed in raindrops, all your bosoms,  
Burst within the sunlight clear.  
Joyously my heart-voice greets ye—  
Buds and blossoms, as I gaze  
On your unenduring beauty,  
Harbingers of sunny days !

Nature's sweet and ripening treasure  
Shyly to the world appears;  
Soon 'twill be of fullest measure,  
Laughingly, oft dripping tears !

Beauteous tints in blushing glory  
Grace the woodland and the mead :  
Golden, green, and colors gory  
Kindest admiration plead.

Strong-limbed trees, and bush, and bramble,  
Spring-tide's gorgeous mantles wear ;—  
How I love betimes to ramble  
'Mid the blooming wild-wood fair !  
Brooklets sparkle still more brightly  
As they dash o'er moss and stone ;  
Human hearts beat cheerful, lightly,  
Earth seems glad, harsh winds have flown.

Fleet-winged birds, on branches singing,  
Tune their voices sweetest now ;  
For the buds green leaves are bringing,  
And the blossoms fruitful grow.  
See the valleys and the meadows,  
Dipped in fragrance all their own,  
Granting sunlight-circled shadows  
To this season-changing zone !

Friendly showers, the heavens resigning,  
Buds and blossoms freshly lave—  
Softly pure, of blest designing,  
Smiling o'er their annual grave.

Smiling round the gaudy palace,  
Smiling round the cottage fair—  
On the cliffs, and up the trellis,  
Buds and blossoms everywhere !

Just above the grass-tops growing,  
Peep the tender infant flowers ;  
Ev'ry little leaflet glowing  
In its peaceful pristine bowers.  
Within the heart, Hope, full cheery,  
Radiates the spirit-gloom :  
Earthly scenes are never dreary  
In the rapture of their bloom !

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## CLOCK AND CANARY.

A clock stands on a mantel-shelf,  
With pulse of sounding power ;  
Companion of æsthetic delf,  
It clearly tells the hour.  
So silvery sweet its utt'rance is,  
From stroke of one to twelve,  
Within its monotone of bliss  
Might dwell a minstrel-elve.

A bright canary in a cage  
Lists to the tale of time,  
Its throat is full of music's rage  
Till ends the clock its chime.  
Swell forth the burden of the bird,  
Nature answering Art :  
Lesser 's the music only heard  
Than that which fills the heart.

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## COME TO THE HARVEST FIELDS.

Come to the harvest fields,  
My spirit-bride, Poesy,  
Come where the ripe earth yields  
Her wealth, so regal and free.

Come to the paths once strewn  
With jocund hope of Spring,  
With Summer's glorious boon,  
Come where brown Autumn is king.

The scene is somber, yet  
It seems sublimer to me  
Than when the young blooms met  
And smiled from inland to sea.

O'er loved graves in the vale,  
Sacred to sigh and to tear,  
I gaze abroad, and hail  
The signs of the dying year.

Thou light'st my soul the while,  
Sweet spirit-bride ! and I see  
Grandeur in every mile  
Of mountain, river and lea.

The mountains admonish  
The great, the high and the proud :  
“ Seek not to astonish  
With transient splendors endowed ! ”

The dales in sadly soft  
Tones speak from their dearth of flowers :  
“ The lowly may look aloft,  
And theirs are the calmest hours.”

O'er Nature, as o'er Man,  
Passes change, sweet spirit-bride ;  
And Autumn's deathly ban  
Dooms Summer's beauty and pride.

## EVENING REVERIES.

When sunlight vanishes beyond the west,  
And crimson tints still linger in the skies,  
Reflection soothes the mind to quiet rest,  
Alluring kind and worthy reveries.

My lonely room with twilight fantasies  
Seems suffused ; the stars like bright sparks  
appear,  
And the moon arises o'er hills and trees,  
Flooding the heavens with tender beams and  
clear.

Viewless becomes the landscape robed in flowers,  
And verdant shapes by darkness vailed are  
there ;  
The watch-dog in his cozy kennel cowers,  
The birdling's note is lost upon the air ;  
The chirp of insects and the fire-fly's glare  
Invade the night—made varied by their glees  
Throughout the woodlands and the gardens fair—  
Instill the mind with dreamy reveries.

Thoughts shaped in the solitude of even—  
All Nature slumbering in tranquil shade,  
'Neath the modest light of star-lit heaven—  
Are toned to gentle themes that ne'er degrade.

The world is to the intellect displayed  
In its bright relief and gloomy phase ;  
Sweet, beaming joy is shone—quickly to fade—  
Ah ! then woe's dread portraitures amaze !

Before the fancy pass swift-changing scenes  
Of human-kind in close and earnest strife  
For aggrandizement—careless of the means ;  
Then nations battle, rend'ring life for life :  
The tumult clashes—see the anxious wife  
With hope and dread her suff'ring heart en-  
thralled.

Oh, joy ! the mind 's with blissful visions rife,  
Oh, gloom ! the mind 's again with woe appalled.

Youth's rashness and experience of age,  
Deep musings philosophical evoke,  
And gazing on the past's well-studied page,  
Keen sense revives—the reverie is broke !  
The moon 's in the zenith, no storm-clouds cloak  
Its mild effulgence, shedding ray on ray,  
No sounds pervade the bramble or the oak,  
For midnight silence rules with transient sway.

## JUNE.

O skies and fields and airs of June,  
Your harmonies my soul attune,  
As blithe through verdant bowers I stray,  
To view the charms of youthful day.

O skies of azure and of light,  
Your glories may no tempest blight !  
In beauty so serene and warm,  
Unconscious-like of cloud or storm.

O fields luxuriant, streamlet-spanned,  
How lavishly ye grace the land,  
And bloom—for fancy and for me—  
Meet queens to mountain majesty !

O airs, with health and perfume filled,  
With music sweetly, wildly thrilled,  
Ye soothe my spirit like the song  
And incense of a holy throng !

And here, amid the summer-glow,  
While chants the brook-tide, bubbling low,  
Far, far away from sorrow's croon,  
My heart outswells in love of June !

## MORNING-GLORIES.

Decking, with their sister-blooms,  
Garden, grove, and lawn ;  
Flushing Nature's verdant rooms,  
Lit by early dawn,  
Morning-glories strew the land,  
Clinging upward, zephyr-fanned.

Pretty, in profusion wild,  
Twining 'midst the trees,  
Peeping out where rocks compiled  
Sentinel the leas,  
Morning-glories taste the clime,  
Searing with the Summer-time.

Children wreath them into crowns,  
Crimson, purple, blue ;  
Maidens cull them for their gowns,  
Thoughtless what they do ;  
For ere the nightly damps descend,  
Decay despoils, and breezes rend !

Pleasures rule the dance and feast,  
Pleasures flow with wine ;  
But oh ! methinks they are increased  
Where morning-glories shine ;  
There Peace and Health their sweets unfold  
Around the hills. adown the wold !

## NATURE AND ART.

### I.

I tread dear Nature's glowing solitude,  
And around me bright inspiration beams,  
Engendering fancies. Benignly rude  
It is: green brakes, and dales, and moss-bound  
streams,  
Unused to mortal trespass, blossom-strewed,  
A welcome give to light and happy dreams.

Gray mountains, robust, craggy and sublime,  
Cleave lightsome clouds, and whiten far above;  
As lofty as in Earth's created prime,  
Unmoved by blasts that devastate the grove.

The sky in softest tint and grace appears,  
High o'er the glories of the pristine realm ;  
Celestial brightness ev'ry space endears,  
As flow'rets smile 'neath shades of oak and elm.

Uprise the tinctured and complacent hills,  
To guard the beauties of the vales below ;  
And adown their gorges the sweet-toned rills  
In crystalline purity dash and flow.

The creatures of the woods, to freedom born,  
    Around their native wild unfrightened roam ;  
Man dwells apart, and the hunter's horn  
    Thrills not the caverns of their forest-home.

Down to the haunts of flowers my vision strays,  
    And verdant depths ecstatic thoughts allure ;  
My heart throbs light, and gives to God fond  
        praise  
For all the bloom, so sunny-hued and pure.

Cliff, plain and river, slope and grassy glade,  
    Combine their charms, and verify my dreams  
Of peace and bliss, as foams the swift cascade  
    O'er rocks, through meadow-land, with con-  
        stant gleam.

Yes ! here in grand old Nature's wide-spread  
        wild  
I listen to the strains that heavenward rise,  
And muse, and wish myself as undefiled  
    As this lone scene, of worldly things unwise !

## II.

I view thy chiseled piles, O gracious Art,  
Lavish with arches, towers, and shining spires ;  
And gaze on palace, mansion-house and mart,  
Reared for man's solace, and his great desires.

Proud homes appear, of timber and of stone,  
And ornaments adorn, of scarce design :  
The peasant's cottage, modest and alone,  
A contrast gives, as o'er it creeps the vine.

Genius here its mighty labor spreads—  
Glorious the outline, and the inner space—  
Painting a spirit-influence ever sheds,  
And Sculpture lends to all a noble grace.

Oh, would that Happiness ungrieuved could dwell  
Where beauteous Art holds temporary reign—  
Contention's clouds forever to dispel,  
And Charity, Hope, Love and Truth retain !

Trim work of man—flattering to his pride !  
I 'd fain desert your cold, unconscious walls,  
And in Nature's haunts, luxuriant and wide,  
Dream 'mong forest-shades, hills, and water-falls !

## OCTOBER.

October, hail ! I see thy sign,  
So heraldic of Nature's woe,  
In things that darkle, things that shine,  
Anear, afar, above, below.

The forest seems a mighty flame,  
Whose leafy sparks gleam down the air,  
And huddle, in their dying shame,  
'Midst hills and vales, and here and there.

And o'er the heart an influence steals,  
Not gay, nor yet of bitter grief,  
But such methinks the oak-tree feels,  
When parting with its first dead leaf !

Sonorous, on the matin-breeze,  
Come sounds from o'er the river-waves ;  
Now loud, then less'ning by degrees,  
Like lives, that end in distant graves.

O thoughtful time ! October, thee  
I deem the mentor of the year ;  
For thou its grandest change doth see,  
And smil'st its smile, and shed'st its tear.

And mem'ries that repos'd in Spring,  
And slept throughout the Summer's glow,  
Awake, and ope their wings, and fling  
Their pliant shadows 'cross my brow.

Then come, October, when thou wilt,  
Magnificent beneath the sun ;  
The heavens are with thy glory gilt,  
Dies on Earth's breast her beauteous one !

---

## OCTOBER DAYS.

These days of thought—October days—  
In seeming melancholy reign,  
While woods and fields are all ablaze  
With redd'ning leaves and sallow grain.  
Yet they are days of plenitude,  
Of harvesting and social cheer,  
Though dead leaves rustle in the wood,  
And hearts bemoan the less'ning year.

The limpid brooks wind down the vales  
From fountains born 'neath woodland crests ;  
And rivers, flecked with glowing sails,  
Float Autumn-treasures on their breasts.

Strong labor's tools are placed apart,  
And heaped, repose the harvest-pride—  
The glory of the wealthy mart,  
While traffic opes its portals wide.

Where are the flowers, the darling flowers,  
That fragrant grew the paths along?  
Where are the birds that thrilled the bowers,  
And made them heavenly with song?  
Ask, ask the north-wind, cold and shrill,  
That lurks the mountain-slopes anear;  
'Twill tell it was the coming chill  
That caused them all to disappear.

The grandeur of the fading wild  
Exalts the mind to nobler themes  
Than when the tender Summer smiled,  
And inspiration came of dreams.  
For, as the fallen foliage lies,  
Commingled with the lowly clod,  
Mankind may well philosophize  
And meditate where beauty trod.

Unrobing in the sunset ray,  
Proud Nature stands in beggared plight,  
Her mantle riven by decay,  
Once glossed with essence-hues of light.

How sad above hill, dale and shore,  
The wildwood seems to mortal gaze,  
As live their transient lives once more  
These solemn, grand October days !

---

## OLD MANSIONS.

(In the City.)

Like pearls among opals they 're scattered—  
The staid mansion houses of old ;  
Amidst high-built palaces mingled,  
They modestly stand with the bold.  
But their wide fair acres and woodlands—  
Their fresh rural settings no more  
Draw the traveler's eye as before :  
A grass-plot is all in the frontage  
That tells of the glories they wore.

Some hold the quaint forms that their founders  
Designed in the taste of their day,  
And others are tricked with strange beauty—  
New faces are placed on decay !

Yet the heart embraces that quaintness—  
This fine affectation repels,  
And thus into utterance swells :  
Preserved be those old mansion-houses ;  
Be not fashioned of matrons belles !

They reveal the ancient affection,  
They reveal the family-love ;  
Their whiteness, with darknesses mingled,  
Is the prettiness of the dove.  
As pearls are the old mansion houses,  
As opals the carved palace-domes,  
In the city of crowded homes—  
In the great and the island-city,  
Of lowliest, princeliest domes.

---

## ON THE LAKE.

Swift o'er the lake the light boat moves,  
With Youth and Beauty freighted,  
Past shrubby headlands, floral coves,  
So picturesquely mated—  
Past rustic houses on the shore,  
And lovers roving, resting,  
And children gath'ring more and more,  
The slopes and arches cresting.

The sky is of a cloudless blue—  
The waters ripple brightly ;  
The bcatman dips his paddles true—  
They sparkling rise, and lightly ;  
And now in sunshine, now in shade,  
While gliding hither, thither,  
Sweet Youth and Beauty, Heaven-made,  
A Heaven make together !

Anon they step upon the land,  
A land of Summer-glory ;  
No blight before, on either hand,  
No scenes decayed or hoary ;  
But all is green, and grand, and bright,  
And Youth and Beauty roaming  
Down od'rous dale, up healthful height,  
Rejoice until the gloaming.

---

## REASON AND FANCY.

What causes constant change of season,  
From torrid heat to polar cold ?  
“ Earth's revolutions,” answers Reason—  
“ So teach the scientists enrolled.

Thus in a uniform gradation,  
Pass Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
And Time speeds on, as turns creation,  
The spheres their orbits wandering."

"Thou sayest true, O brother Reason,"  
Quoth Fancy, in her noon repose ;  
"But then the features of each season  
Just sentiments to me disclose :  
Mark thou the beauty of the moral  
That comes from pleasure of the brain,  
Like wide and rising realms of coral  
From out the deep and wayward main :—

Of the birth of hope Springtide telleth,  
And Summer of its rip'ning time ;  
Sere Autumn to the mind compelleth  
Hope's flush or fall, as rules the clime.  
Hope sleeps, as slumbers earth's bright treasure,  
When Winter chills the plain and mount ;  
It burns anew in lofty measure  
As, disenthralled, bursts flower and fount.'

## RUSTIC SCENES.

Queen Nature, with inviting grace,  
Holds court 'mid rustic scenes ;  
And there, while glows her Summer-face,  
Sweet odors rise, and fill the place,  
And joy the spirit gleans.

Oh, cheering time of birds and flowers,  
When winds no longer moan ;  
Sojourning 'mong deep-shaded bowers,  
The moments glide to blithesome hours,  
And bright is Nature's throne.

Proud summits, clothed in robes of green,  
With rocks and forests high,  
Rear, in magnificence terrene ;  
While foliage forms a grateful screen  
Against the burning sky.

The plains, with grass-tops dipped in dew,  
Where cattle freely roam,  
Are decked with flowers of every hue  
That 'neath the firmament of blue  
Adorn the farmer's home.

Vales, musical with many streams,  
Cling to the mountain-side,  
Where romance lures the soul to dreams,  
As beauty entertains the gleams  
By sun and brook supplied.

Long, winding paths, with roses strewn,  
Emit their scented charms,  
And at the sultry hour of noon,  
When quiet seems a blessed boon,  
There's rest in Nature's arms !

---

## SCENE AND SEASON.

I trod a scene where cold decay  
Had saddened all the land ;  
In mountain clasp reposed a bay,  
In mine a trusty hand ;  
And I said : "Friend, let's flee away  
To realms more greenly grand."

To counsel is not to reprove ;  
"Nay ! tarry here," he said,  
"And 'wait the blooming of the grove—  
The bursting from the dead  
Of glorious verdure, 'woke and wove  
By Nature's God and Head."

I tread the scene I trod before—  
Oh, gladsome is the change !  
And life's bright train in triumph soar  
Throughout the airy range,  
And clamber up the brilliant shore,  
And laugh around the grange.

My soul is lifted, and the days  
Are lessened of alloy ;  
Along the flower-illumined ways  
No dark-winged blasts annoy ;  
And peace, blest peace my spirit sways,  
And lightens it with joy !

---

## SONG OF THE MOWERS.

Let us go unto the mowing,  
For the eastern sky is glowing  
With the morn ;  
Dull drowsiness shall not be ours,  
While fields and dales are bright with flowers,  
Grass and corn ;  
No, no, grasp firm the scythe and sickle—  
Though toil-drops down our foreheads trickle,  
To labor we were born.

Our garments are uncouth and coarse,  
But then our breasts know not remorse  
For wrong deeds.

We swing our many steels full keen,  
And sever all the blades of green  
On the meads ;  
And grasping firm the scythe and sickle,  
We feel, as toil-drops brightly trickle,  
We labor for our needs.

The Summer is our time of joy,  
When Nature's scenes young hearts decoy—  
Wide and grand.

Oh, let us cheer our work with song,  
And while the echoes sound along  
Down the land,  
Let's firmly grasp the scythe and sickle,  
And feel, as toil-drops warmly trickle,  
New vigor in each hand.

Our modest homes are ever blent  
With gentleness and true content,  
'Mid life's blast.

List, list unto the cheerful call  
Of voices by the garden wall—  
To repast.

Let fall the flashing scythe and sickle,  
Dash off the toil-drops as they trickle—  
We've mown the field at last !

## SUMMER.

Fair Summer speeds over the earth

In the chariot of Time,

And fosters the wakening worth

Of all its verdure sublime.

The meadows grow greener,

The heavens serener,

And purer the changing clime.

Its paths, with the Beautiful strewn,

Spread far from highland to sea,

And taste the soft brightness of June,

And thrill with its melody ;

Alluring the lover

Of solitude over,

To where sips the gauze-winged bee !

The flow'rets their eyelids unclose,

And gaze askance and around ;

The lily peeps shyly ; the rose

Seems proud, though blushing profound ;

And the fleet warblers fly

On the breath of July,

And brooks sing low to the ground.

The heart is delighted, nor feels,  
As glowing August revives,  
The impulse of sorrow, till steals  
Fair Summer away, and gyves  
Of the Frost King surround.  
Ah! then earth seems a mound—  
A chill comes over our lives !

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## SUNNYSIDE.

Residence of Washington Irving.

Surrounded by the beauteous wild,  
In sweet seclusion, stands the home  
Of Genius' truly gifted child,  
More dear to heart than prouder dome.

The emerald paths and shaded bowers  
That smile upon fair Sunnyside  
Enchant its antiquated towers,  
As landscapes spread in blooming pride.

Those ancient walls to memory bring  
The grand old Knickerbocker time,  
As ivy tendrils fondly cling  
And romance blends its charms sublime.

The brook's low murmur fills the breeze,  
Deep-glittering torrents wildly pour ;  
And songsters twitter 'mong the trees  
That, vernal-hued, crown Hudson's shore.

There Irving shaped the glowing tale,  
And wielded the historic pen ;  
There calmness rules the flowery vale,  
The gentle slope and rocky glen.

The home that Irving loved so well  
Shows forth in all its former bloom :  
Alas ! 'tis but a broken spell,  
For Irving sleeps within the tomb

---

## SWEET SUMMER-TIME H.S FLED.

Sweet Summer-time has fled,  
And Summer-flowers are dead ;  
Breezes sing their shrill refrains,  
Autumn breathes upon the plains,  
Garnered are the golden grains  
From chilly Winter's tread.

Trees don their varied hues,  
Their dead the pathway strews :  
    Glowing in the grand sunlight,  
    Mingling in dear beauty's blight,  
    Simple leaves teach morals bright,  
And stimulate the muse !

The hills' high-arching crests,  
The vales, where Nature rests,  
    Relinquish green, and sad appear ;  
    Old Time controls, with gloomy bier,  
    The burial of the smiling year,  
Of change to many breasts.

Sweet Summer-time has fled :  
Gone, gone the bloomy spread,  
    That raised to hope the saddened heart,  
    And shattered even sorrow's dart—  
    How soon all mundane charms depart—  
The leaves are crisp and dead !

## THE AUTUMN MOON.

Mellowy beams the Autumn moon  
Over the land, over the sea,  
Cresting with light the waves that soon  
Dark tempest-swept billows may be.

The sails that seaward slowly rise  
Arrest its light in every fold,  
As, 'midst the grand autumnal skies,  
Gleam out the stars like waifs of gold.

Glittering on the silent plain—  
Varied in hues by Boreas' breath—  
Its rays a transient charm retain,  
And light the verdure's bed of death.

The mountain-peaks are silvered o'er,  
And rear as specters of the night ;  
The waterfalls, that swiftly pour,  
Flash 'mong the shadows wildly bright.

Peaceful shines o'er land and sea  
The radiance of the Autumn moon ;  
Oh ! 'tis a thing of sympathy,  
Oh ! 'tis a sweet and joyous boon.

## THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

O heights ! where Romance holds her shrine,  
Where poet-painter loves to dream ;  
Abodes of beauty, grand, benign,  
How nobly crown ye Hudson's stream.  
Your heads with woodland covered o'er,  
Your slopes and vales and gushing rills,  
Contented smile, with bounteous store  
Of fruits and flowers—O native hills !

When Spring with budding promise smiles,  
When warmth pervades where King Frost  
reigned,  
And earth breaks from his cunning wiles,  
The Highlands teem with verdure gained.  
Blue glows the sky above those forms,  
Fresh start the pastures from their sleep,  
As foliage, caged by wintry storms,  
Bursts forth on plain and craggy steep.

The sun of Summer gently pours  
A genial heat o'er ripening fields,  
And clouds, anon, give pleasant showers,  
By which productive fortune yields.

The farmers' thanks ascend on high,  
And brooks vouchsafe their bubbling lays ;  
'Neath leafy trees, where zephyrs sigh,  
The shadows sport with solar rays.

Kind Autumn's cheer brings Winter's chill,  
And all in icy grasp is bound ;  
The river flows with mighty will,  
Glittering in its course profound.  
A snowy mantle wraps the land,  
The Highlands bow to season's whim ;  
Up-tow'ring still above the strand,  
Their charms are changed, but never dim.

The Rhine may boast of crumbling art—  
Proud relics of an age gone by,  
Of scenery that elates the heart,  
And fascinates the mind and eye.  
Deep-rolling Hudson claims e'en more,  
For Nature offers the sublime,  
And grants the prestige to her shore,  
Enduring as the world and time.

## THE HUDSON RIVER.

O River of resplendent life,  
Thee buoyantly I sing;  
And to thy native glories rife  
Fond recognition bring.

'Mong rocks and bowers, past grove and  
grange,  
The Hudson rolls in pride;  
Majestic is the bloomy range  
That binds its mighty tide.

Behold its bosom, sail-bedecked;  
Its borders, woodland-crowned;  
Behold the far-off heights erect,  
The arching sky and ground!

Walls, chiseled by fair Nature's hand,  
Defy the shocks of Time;  
They rise above the brilliant strand,  
As barricades sublime.

The Palisades unbending tower;  
The Highlands, gray or green,  
Complacent stand, as things of power—  
The nestling vales between.

The vision drinks the landscaped view  
With ecstasy enthralled ;  
The mountain-tops melt 'mid the blue,  
By wide horizon walled.

No dark and tott'ring ruins grace  
Each promontory's brow ;  
Dear Beauty beams in Nature's face,  
Unrivaled in its glow !

Rich domes surmount the monarch hills,  
The cottage lies below ;  
From far-off fountains many rills  
Down to the river flow.

Upon its wild, romantic banks,  
Art swiftly hues its way,  
And boldly thins the forest ranks  
Where songsters greet the day.

The produce of the fertile West  
Finds passage to the coast ;  
The ocean billows smoothly rest,  
And in its calm are lost.

The woodman's song full joyous swells  
Along the peaceful shore;  
Neat villages usurp the dells,  
The heights are peopled o'er!

The cattle stray along the brink,  
That Hudson's waters lave;  
They stoop in quietude, and drink  
From brooks that swell its wave.

The red man never more shall hold  
This river of his sires;  
No, no, his birthright now is sold,  
And quenched the council-fires!

Brave Science walks the varied land,  
And hopeful Honor strives;  
Civilization lifts its wand,  
Yet Nature's charm survives!

Sweet Flora plants her children on  
The slopes that meet the wave;  
The flow'rets blush, and fade anon  
Into the earth that gave.

Amid those scenes by Romance lit,  
The ardent brain is fired :  
The painter's touch grows exquisite,  
The poet wakes inspired.

When Night shades mountains, dales, and  
meres,  
And flame her lanterns far,  
In bord'ring homes each lamp-light cheers—  
The rival of each star !

Oh, oft have lovers told their love  
Beside this cherished stream ;  
And o'er its banks together rove,  
When youth seems as a dream.

Live, live, ye bursting woodland springs,  
That Hudson's tide supply !  
Fly, fly, ye crafts, on breeze-swept wings,  
Smile bright above, O sky !

Thou River, grand and mountain-born,  
That Genius loves to scan,  
Roll on, till angel-trumpets warn,  
A proud delight to man !

## THE SOLITARY STREAM.

This lonely stream, of current free,  
Blends not its waters with the sea,  
But, rambling through the rough-shaped wild,  
Is by a river far beguiled.

It comes from yonder mountain's brow,  
With lofty peak and crown of snow :  
As, rushing on its bright career,  
No kindred stream comes laughing near.

'Tis oftentimes some one of sport,  
For game with ill-success has sought,  
And wanders here with gleaming hook  
To dip within a favored nook ;  
As sunbeams play upon the waves,  
Beneath o'ershadowing oak, that braves  
The scathing storms and years of time,  
And lifts aloft its form sublime !

On mossy banks of gaudy trim,  
That bind this place where fishes swim,  
The radiant wild-flowers gently greet  
With perfume ever charming, sweet.  
How graceful move, in liquid pride,  
Those waters free from ocean tide—  
Their fertilizing gifts dispose,  
And make all blooming as the rose.

## THE SPRING SHOWER.

The shower I see and sing  
Is not of burning days—  
It comes to freshen Spring,  
T'enliven wildwood ways.

Laving the spirits of air,  
It quickens blooms that grow  
Here on the hill, and there  
O'er the acres below.

Frosts soften in the land  
Beneath this melting shower ;  
Each cloud's a vapor-hand,  
Each drop its liquid power.

Now sunshine, bursting down,  
Congratulates green earth :  
Oh, heart ! cast sorrow's gown  
And robe thyself in mirth.

From buds hang rainy gems,  
They jewel leaf and grass,  
Blithe birds on many stems  
Chant matins as I pass.

## THE SUMMER RAIN.

A blessing from God is the summer rain,  
Refreshing the world, whose dryness is pain.  
The earth woos the clouds when tired of the sun,  
Whose love's too ardent ere Summer is done,  
And pleads for affection tempered by tears,  
For shadow mingled with shimmer of years.

O merciful rain ! the verdure is drenched,  
And the thirst of panting Nature is quenched.  
Man looks o'er his fields of tillage revived,  
The landscape smiles forth like a sinner shrived ;  
The brooks are afloa and the full streams run  
Through scenes lit again by earth's glory—the sun.

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## THE VALLEY SPRING.

Where hillsides in luxuriance meet,  
And gardens gay the hill-tops crown,  
One morn I walked amid the wheat,  
And wandered to the valley down.  
The birds sang forth their wildest strains  
As greeting to the infant day,  
And kine fed on adjacent plains  
Till milk-time called them all away.

Companions came to share the cheer  
That ev'ry space of bloom inspired :  
How sweet then seemed—that they were near—  
Each knoll and slope and nook retired !  
Some in the shade renewed their sport,  
And some the boat urged o'er the stream,  
While I a peaceful arbor sought,  
To meditate and, mayhap, dream.

There gleamed hard by a ceaseless spring,  
Encircled in unfading moss,  
That from the rocks came filtering,  
Unlessened by its liquid loss.  
Twas shaded by a chestnut's boughs  
Whose roots hung down and gently sank :  
A spot, forsooth, for friendship's vows,  
For ev'ry race, for ev'ry rank !

I sat the valley spring beside,  
And viewed the bright, surrounding bowers ;  
And thought how the Almighty guide  
Had beautified this earth of ours.  
There came upon the perfumed air  
The lab'lers' song, fresh from the heart ;  
It taught me virtue's gifts to share,  
And ne'er from simple scenes depart.

Between the woodland's spreading arms  
The sunshine glistened on the wave ;  
The spring supplied a thousand charms,  
And, prism-like, mingling colors gave.  
The glitter of grand palace halls  
Could not its brilliancy outshine,  
Nor many brooches worn at balls,  
Nor even glowing, festive wine !

The rocks, the trees and velvet sod,  
Were fraught with an engaging power ;  
I felt it was the hand of God  
That gave them as a precious dower.  
The valley spring is gushing yet,  
And courts the glory of the sky :  
I left it with a fond regret,  
And love it, though it is not nigh.

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### THE WOODLAND BRIDGE.

Apart from the village, in the woodland,  
Spanning a wide ravine,  
Above the brook's volume, rurally planned,  
An olden bridge is seen.  
There oftentimes I rest,  
When sunshine fills the west,  
To list to songs attuned 'mid haunts of green.

From brink to brink, it arches o'er the glen,  
    Of rustic form, more dear ;  
The squirrel skips in timid awe of men,  
    And quick, instinctive fear.  
There friends united meet,  
To memories repeat,  
    While Peace reigns mistress of the woody  
        sphere.

The forest trees in multitudes arise,  
    And at their feet smile flowers ;  
Paths wind among, unseen by Summer-skies,  
    From the bridge to the bowers ;  
The brook-tide murmurs songs,  
Each bedded rock prolongs  
    The cadence soft, thrilling the peaceful hours.

Fair rears the woodland round that lone bridge  
    rude—  
Blest spot where joys agree !  
There's loveliness within the solitude  
    Of grassy vale and tree ;  
There shines a tender sheen,  
Above that deep ravine,  
    That lifts the soul to sentiment and glee.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Full many years have come and gone,  
Since Order out of Chaos came;  
Still roll the years sublimely on,  
Through light and darkness, shade and  
flame.

Hope fondles to her heart the New,  
And Memory enshrines the Old;  
'Twas youthful, hopeful, glowing too,  
Till griefs o'erflecked its locks of gold.

The cottage and the palace beam,  
And wars are 'feebled 'midst the joy  
That laughs the New Year in, and seem  
Too unimpassioned to destroy!

Methinks in ev'ry breast there beats  
A universal throb of cheer;  
And ev'ry voice the prayer repeats:  
“O God, be this a glad New Year!”

## THE YEAR'S CLOSE.

May thanks to God in echoing words  
Resound throughout the sphere;  
And, though we miss the Summer birds,  
Be ours a constant cheer—  
For plenty Mother Terra girds,  
And blessings close the year.

The vales are sad, the mountains mourn,  
And Nature bows to blight;  
Her beauties have been crushed and torn;  
Yet, glitt'ring in the light,  
High granaries of golden corn  
Gild Winter's dreary flight.

The fiend of War from hence afar  
Has flown, a monster thing,  
Proud Europe's homes to mar and scar,  
And o'er them swoop its wing;  
But Peace is still the trustful star  
Of subject and of king!

An era has begun for man  
Wherein he will be known  
By self-deeds circling round a plan,  
As angels round the Throne;  
And true they'll be who in the van  
Win honor as their own.

O Faith, Hope, Love, and all ye charms,  
Seraphic and sublime,  
That hearts console when swift alarms  
Come clashing on with crime,  
Your rosy light imbues and warms  
The vital flood of time.

Then roll, brave years, in holier train,  
And fewer be the groans  
Of human-kind by brethren slain—  
Be filled with happy tones;  
And, oh, rejoice to view amain  
The fall of Vice's thrones !

## VIOLETS AND PANSIES.

Far above the glowing river,  
Where dear Nature plies her loom,  
Smiling upward to the Giver,  
Violets and pansies bloom ;  
Soon beneath the snow to shiver,  
Beauteous ere their chilly doom.

Bright are violets and pansies,  
Of cerulean-crimson hues ;  
Luring fond and tender fancies,  
As ascending perfume woos !  
Clustered as the dawn advances,  
Gleaming in the crystal dews.

Beautiful, yet modest-seeming,  
Beam they 'mong their sister flowers,  
While the lake anear is gleaming,  
Mirroring its banks and bowers,  
And the morning light is streaming  
Down upon the lawns and towers.

Plucked by hands unseared by toiling,  
Sunny tresses they adorn ;  
And on breasts of Love, love-foiling,  
Lie they, from Earth's bosom torn ;  
Fading, dying, crisping, spoiling,  
Cast away to death forlorn !

Violets and pansies ever,  
Drinking deep of Phœbus grand,  
Swell the sweetness of the river,  
And its bloom-enveloped strand—  
Smiling upward to the Giver,  
Nurtured by his heavenly hand !

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## WINTER VERSES.

Gaunt Winter bites throughout the morning air,  
His anger's froth is visible in frost ;  
The pale-bright skies a modesty declare,  
The scythe and rake within the barn are crossed.  
Sweet quiet, as an almond kernel full,  
Dwells in the home-enclosing cold,  
And drifted snows, like fragmentary wool,  
In corners cast, icily old  
Become, ere vanishing through sunlight,  
manifold.

Beyond the grove of naked chestnut trees  
Blithe skaters meet, when fails the ice-foe noon,  
Each ready swain, his maiden fair to please,  
Adventures her to swiftness, gently, soon.

There may be beauty manifest among  
The whirling coteries, and love,  
Yet surely both are germane to the young—  
Blessing the hearthstone, while the dove  
Of meek Religion sits the household throne  
above.

The blast—a mouthless voice, shocking the night  
With din of rude, discordant sounds—calls out,  
And wraps in freezing, saturating blight  
Of clanging hail the roofs and fields about.  
But there's a sanctum in a quaint old house—  
Two friends before the fire-glow dream ;  
Two dogs beside them crouch and slowly drowse ;  
O'er scattered books, that wearied seem,  
Wreathed evergreens partake of shade and  
gleam.

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## WINTER'S VICTIM.

Ah, crony mine, alone we sit,  
While round us howls the Winter,  
And thoughts of Beauty dying flit,  
As sparks from yonder splinter.  
Earth, air and sky are bleak and chill—  
Blest Virgin guide the comer  
Who ventures o'er this Highland hill—  
The monument of Summer.

Relight your meerschaum, crony mine,  
Let's dream in clouds together ;  
Refill your glass with friendly wine,  
We'll toast the Summer-weather.  
For oh, wild frosts shall ne'er congeal,  
Nor make our hearts the glummer,  
Nor blight the kindness that we feel  
For earth-delighting Summer.

Hark ! heard you not a cry full faint,  
Yet loud to ears of pity ?  
Ope, ope the door ; no human plaint  
Shall pass us to the city.  
What's here ? a girl and aged man—  
He guards but to benumb her—  
'Tis Winter, shivering and wan,  
And 'neath his robes the Summer.

Come in, come in, thou hoary form !  
Come in, thou frozen beauty !  
Here glows the firelight glad and warm,  
With hearts of tender duty.  
Take thou the farthest ingle-rest,  
Weird sage, where thou may'st slumber ;  
The maiden is the more distrest—  
Ah ! saddened is the Summer.

And crony mine—the embers fade,  
A frost is in her bosom—  
Alas ! she's dead, the lovely maid—  
White-haired ! but why accuse him ?  
He sleeps as with a soul of grace,  
With mien than erst not grummer—  
Haste, haste thee, comrade, seek a place,  
Where we may bury Summer !

Lost Bloom ! the North-wind moans her dirge,  
Be ours to aye commend her ;  
But grieve not, comrade ; she'll emerge  
From out the grave with splendor.  
She'll rise again, and charm the world ;  
Then, wand'ring never from her,  
We'll laugh to see old Winter hurled  
From all the paths of Summer !

II.

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AMBITION.

Ambition woke, and o'er his head  
    There glittered high a star;  
“I'll to yon light,” Ambition said,  
    “Though blood and deluge bar !”  
He flew to gain the dazzling world  
    That shone in air afar;  
But fitful winds him backward hurled,  
    And fought with force of war.  
He rose, all dangers downward trod,  
    And boldly reached the star;  
But, ah ! it seemed a diresome clod,  
    As earth's attainments are !  
A brighter orb its glory shed,  
    “I'll to it fly !” Ambition said.

## AMERICA TO IRELAND: GREETING.

Thy children are my civic strength,  
    My foremost aid in war;  
Upon my bosom rest their homes  
    From coast to inland-core.  
They wield with sympathetic force  
    The mattock or the pen;  
And changeless faith in God upholds  
    The hearts of Irishmen.

They at thy birth gave ready care,  
    Spoke words, wrought deeds of fame;  
Nor shall the list be blurred that shows  
    Carroll's and Barry's name.  
The warm blood wrestles with the cold—  
    Behold, who 's worsted then?  
The Puritan's vitality  
    Flows not in Irishmen!

O mournful sister of the sea,  
    I love my foreign charge;  
I prize the German peace and thrift  
    That make each village large.  
But, over all, the Celtic mind  
    Is, aye, my brightest ken—  
Flashed through the generation's lives  
    From by-gone Irishmen!

## A SONG OF SYMPATHY.

The human heart, as an untuned lute,  
Of harmony's void—better 'twere mute—  
Without the touch of sympathy,  
And the o'ermastering grasp of love.  
Such thoughts one day did a singer move,  
Musing o'er what a voice had said—  
“Man's suffering will crimp at thee ;”  
Yet, by the trustful answer led—  
“Twill urge a noble sympathy—”  
His mind awoke to numbers' throng,  
And he sang of that dear theme this song :

A mild, kind spirit conquers all  
That soften to its bidding,  
To sweetness changing ev'ry gall—  
The soul of tumult riddng.  
Its influence is wide and near,  
As is our nature human ;  
Its presence is a holy cheer  
To child and man and woman.

That mild, kind spirit ! lift the vail  
Of daily-wrought proceeding ;  
And watch what cheeks grow red and pale,  
Quick feeling telling, pleading.

Here and there are the glad and sad,  
The lowly and the stately ;  
But poor and great, the sad and glad,  
Wish sympathy innately.

The babe hath happiness and woe,  
And giveth woe and pleasure ;  
In helplessness its cry and crow  
Keep full the kindly measure.  
The mother's love is deepest for  
The child that lacks the talent ;  
The want that multitudes deplore  
Makes sympathy more gallant.

Men guide machines and ply the sword,  
They steer and plow steadfast—  
They persevere in true accord—  
Fix triumph o'er disaster,  
As sympathy in war and peace  
Makes heart and arm the stronger ;  
Oh, when its promptings fail and cease  
There's victory no longer !

As friend and friend are faithful found,  
And stranger fosters stranger,  
On sympathy's own spirit-ground,  
There's less of doubt and danger.

Ah ! where Religion lights the way  
    Of mortal helping mortal,  
There comes o'er all the broadened ray  
    From Heaven's golden portal.

Of suffering be not fearful, heart,  
    By sympathy excited,  
The ills of human nature start  
    A prayer that they be righted.  
Sympathy and suffering claim  
    A manly resolution :  
Firm be the will and blest the aim,  
    And brave the execution !

---

## C H A N G E S .

How meek the soul becomes,  
    When chill misfortune sears :  
Devouring e'en the crumbs  
    It loathed in former years.  
How suppliant it seems,  
    So haughty in the past !  
Are Wealth and Glory dreams,  
    That they so briefly last ?

The beggar doffs his hood  
To men of nobler mien,  
Though purer be his blood  
Than flows through king or queen.  
The monarch forfeits rule,  
And, high in sovereign-place,  
Above a crimson pool,  
The beggar sways his race !

Then who will dare be proud—  
For what is mortal pride ?  
At noon, a silken shroud,  
At eve, a garb decried !  
The glee of summer-hours  
Precedes a winter-grief ;  
And where bloomed freshest flowers  
Appears a shrivel'd leaf !

---

## COUNSEL.

My country is not *part*, but *all*  
Of its extent from sea to sea ;  
I will not, and I cannot call  
The North *alone* beloved by me.  
I love the South, the East, the West,  
For they're my native land as well !  
Each part full equal to the rest,  
And all as one in Freedom's swell.

Is he a friend of humankind,  
Who agitates intestine feud?  
Believe it not : the evil mind  
Is ever restless, not the good.  
And countrymen, by war we've won  
The title to a common land ;  
Then who will dare take down the gun,  
And flame again Rebellion's brand?  
  
Recrimination curses yields,  
And 'tis a noble nation's pride  
To build the cities, smooth the fields,  
That devastation wasted wide,  
And hide the deep and bloody trace  
Of strife, with smiling homes and bowers ;  
In war we were a warrior-race,  
In peace be Love and Kindness ours !

---

EXULTATION.

July 4, 1865.

Lift high our flag, by blood redeemed,  
With jubilant acclaim ;  
No grander epoch ever beamed  
Than this for Glory's name.  
No brighter hour for Liberty  
Glowed since the world began—  
For millions saved from anarchy  
Exalt the cause of Man !

Let choruses from children rise,  
Responsive to the song  
That angels chant, when destinies  
The joys of men prolong.  
Let horrors blacken but the Past,  
The Present is of cheer ;  
Sweet Amity is ours—at last  
The smile supplants the tear.

The world is glad, the realms serene  
Embody Nature's glee ;  
Our country's triumph pleases e'en  
The tyrants o'er the sea !  
Green Erin lifts her fettered form,  
And Poland breathes a sigh  
For Liberty, though battle's storm  
Has swept her plains and sky.

Lift high our flag, by blood redeemed,  
Dear countrymen and brave ;  
Full eighty years its folds have streamed,  
Ten thousand may they wave !  
And fairest hands will fashion flowers  
In garlands, sweet and gay,  
To beautify this flag of ours,  
So glorious to-day !

## FRIENDSHIP.

When Friendship glitters in each eye,  
And warms the pressure of each hand,  
Misfortune's weights more lightly lie,  
And crumbling, yield like desert sand.  
They fall from off the tortured heart—  
Ill-judged, despised, condemned o'ermuch—  
And, as dark memories, depart  
At Friendship's true and gen'rous touch.

Oh, 'tis an hour of misery—  
Yet many souls that hour withstand—  
When Friendship's gleam grows shadowy,  
And dead its pulse in ev'ry hand.  
At such a time, be calm, sad heart !  
Be prayerful, be very meek ;  
Thy faith will shield from mortal dart,  
And glad the soul, and flush the cheek :

## G L I M P S E S .

The night was shadowing meadow and cottage,  
And homeward sauntered the herds,  
As a child stood by a man in his dotage—  
Listening to his words.

“The daylight’s gone,” quoth the withering mortal ;  
“Twill come again,” said the child ;  
And soft and dreamily over the portal  
Fell moonbeams pure and mild.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Afar in the west loud storm-notes were rumbling,  
Clouds gathered ’twixt earth and sky ;  
The firmament—oh ! ’twas awing, ’twas humbling  
To heart, and brain, and eye !

The bivouac-fagots were crackling to ashes—  
Eve was a truce to the foes ;  
Thwart Heaven’s dark arch flew the lightning’s  
keen flashes,  
Burning the venoms that rose.

Morn beamed ; but alas ! what murderous ruin!—  
Blood imbrued, humankind reeled ;  
Lost was the hour to rejoice, love or woo in—  
Torn was Amity’s shield !

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er bone-strewn paths, where miscreant earthly  
glory

Plucked vantage from pale, slaughtered men,  
Six horsemen hastened, in each breast a story—  
Dreadful to tell again.

Why rode they thus so mournful and so lonely,  
A weary, wan, and wasted band?

Two hundred souls they numbered erst, but only  
Six lived to tread the land!

What sought they 'mong the butchered heaps and  
bloody—

Blackening as the Past grew large?  
Their chief—ay, he of hero-form and ruddy,  
Who led the daybreak charge.

They found him where the peril was the thickest,  
Where Carnage piled its highest mound;  
Down sprang they quick, and those that were the  
quickest  
Bore him to safer ground.

"My comrades," gasped he, "I am bleeding,  
dying—

The east is as a rosy bride,  
Yet smiles on horrors—see! the foe is flying—  
I'll to my sires," and died.

## HONOR.

Loftily Knight Honor reared,  
In spotless robes arrayed ;  
Vice, a coward thing, appeared  
In ignominy flayed.  
Passion spread its horrors round,  
To darken and degrade ;  
Yet firmly fixed on righteous ground,  
Knight Honor, undismayed,  
Still purer shone, in brave repose,  
Unsullied, undecayed.  
Of noble mien, his presence glows,  
Nor casts one gloomy shade.  
Let all the robes of Honor wear,  
For Honor's garb is ever fair.

---

## LAND.

A righteous love is the love of land,  
Its service builds the love of God ;  
E'en as the movements of brain and hand,  
Soul-obedient, striving, plod  
In ways material to the end

Of the life of man—thus the love  
    Of the patriot, burning below,  
Flames to the higher one above,  
    With its essence and its warmth and glow—  
        Wrong to destroy and right to defend.

Nature is gloried by saving grace,  
    'Neath Heaven in humbleness it spreads ;  
Of itself, though dear, an earthly place  
    Is dearer through the love that weds  
        All Christian souls, that know how to bend,  
    Making world-scenes akin to those  
In Hope's hereafter—Beautiful land !—  
    Where bliss is taintless and repose—  
Where the true forever shining stand,  
    Wrong to destroy and right to defend.

The land is holy with holy men,  
    The land is fruitful in the hand  
Of the wise and working citizen,  
    Free from the spoiler's yoke and brand—  
        Free by the labors that home befriend—  
    Free from the pampered absentee—  
Free from the older blundering forms—  
    Full of the life of liberty—  
Ready, however murmur the storms,  
    Wrong to destroy and right to defend !

To love the land and have it not  
Is mockery of the aim of love—  
Possession ; though 't be a little spot,  
'Tis cherished as a fav'rite dove,  
Which an enemy would poach and rend.  
What hatreds in the heart arise,  
When love is cozened of its beloved !  
Then blackness fills once sunniest skies—  
Humanity is to vengeance moved—  
Wrong to destroy and right to defend !

---

## LINES TO A BRILLIANT STAR.

Shine on, shine on, O Star,  
High in the crown of Night ;  
May naught thy glory mar,  
Though hidden oft from sight.

Thou glitt'rest for mortals  
In this their home below—  
Brightening Heaven's portals,  
So constant to bestow.

Clouds many times o'ercast  
Thy cheerful, sparkling face ;  
But when anon they've passed,  
Thou beam'st in all thy grace.

Shine on, shine on, O Star,  
With others of thy kind ;  
And from Night's crown afar,  
Flash pleasures to the mind.

---

## MOORE'S CENTENARY.

May 28th, 1879.

A hundred years ago a bard was born on Irish ground,  
A hundred years have passed, and as a bard he is renowned;  
His birth is marked in history, his fame in verse and prose,  
By countrymen, by foreign pen, the world his title knows.

With wreath of poesy is crowned that singer of true song,  
That lovers of sweet melody hath moved to pleasure long,  
And Thomas Moore is full secure in memory stretching far,  
Whereto the future promises no black oblivion's bar.

No songster else more varied or more tuneful  
was than Moore :  
Burns' tenderness, Heine's beauty and Beranger's  
fire allure,  
Yet other lands of South or North—the farthest  
and the near—  
In brimming minstrelsy, they 've not the Irish  
singer's peer.

The moods of joy and grief and love, of battle  
and of peace,  
He sang in strains that have not ceased, nor will,  
till chaos, cease ;  
For they 're taken up from heart to heart—from  
lip to lip their tone  
Is sounded, till the stranger feels the charm as  
'twere his own !

A loving touch was Thomas Moore's, that the  
harp of Erin thrilled ;  
With the presence of his music the Irish breast  
is filled ;  
'Twas caught from ancient ballad-tunes, 'twas  
gathered as fine gold  
From the deep enriching mine of song—from  
Erin's heart of old.

Thus, while we wander back in thought through-  
out a hundred years,  
We mark the great and master-bard, e'en through  
his country's tears,  
And raise the voice of praise, and pray that ever  
may endure  
The memory of the Irishman and poet—Thomas  
Moore!

---

## P R A I S E .

Mine is a broad and bounteous land,  
Untrod by courtiers, kings, or slaves ;  
A freeman on its soil I stand,  
And oceans round it toss their waves  
    In mystery,  
    In majesty,  
And chant within resounding caves  
    The grandest tones of Freedom's song.  
Its treasures are its heroes' graves.  
    Its glory is its living throng ;  
Its flag—how loftily it braves  
    The tyrants as it streams along !

Mine is a green and varied land,  
Whose mountains, valleys, hills and plains  
In peopled unity expand :  
Whose rivers course like mighty veins,  
    Full rapidly,  
    Full lucidly,  
The offsprings of unnumbered rains,  
    The inner paths of Power's career.  
'Midst all, with all, no chilling chains  
    Bid Liberty to droop and fear ;  
Grim Monarchy such toys retains—  
They are not here—they are not here !

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## SMITH'S BRIGADE.

(Commanded by Col. Orlan Smith, of the 73d Ohio Volunteers.)

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## BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

October 28, 1863.

Defiantly on Lookout Mount Confed'rate soldiers  
    spread,  
And in the valley confident Federal legions tread;  
Brave Hooker guides their fearless march, true  
    Howard's in the van,  
And Geary guards the valley-road, as only hero  
    can.

As steadfast as the ocean-rock that curbs the  
tempest-sea,  
His troops resist the battle-wave, and keep the  
mastery.  
In giant grandeur stand the heights from which  
rebuffs are hurled,  
And Longstreet flies a battle-flag that newly  
greets the world.  
The morning beam is tinging faint the merry  
mountain rills,  
Resounding volleys crash aloft, and echo 'mong  
the hills;  
Proud Lookout looms discordant, dim—a flam-  
ing pile of war,  
Its woods the hideous haunts of Death, its sod a  
couch of gore.

From glen and cliff and shelt'ry trench the hostile  
thunders peal;  
They rouse the heart, they mad the brain to  
potency of zeal;  
They quicken ev'ry sense of rage that slumbers  
in the soul,  
As Carnage flames its ghastly torch, and lurid  
flames uproll!  
How fiercely meet those kindred forms, how  
dreadful, yet sublime

The scene whereon red Slaughter stalks to purify  
the time!

Ah! thus it is, man bleeds to purge the follies of  
his kind,

And, writhing, dies in butchered plight, his groan  
upon the wind.

Hark! from the Mountain's crimsoned side  
reverberates the strife,

And Smith's Brigade ascends the steep to offer  
life for life.

They bear the Union's banner high—it glitters as  
a charm—

There's patriotism in each heart, and valor in  
each arm.

Quick gushes from the summit dark the flash of  
fatal fires,

Yet upward charge those gallant men, whom  
Liberty inspires!

Like angered fiends they rush, they fight, they  
rally, and they die—

The nightly mist has risen soft, the sunlight's in  
the sky:

The sunlight gilds the shadowed Mount, and  
shows the warry gleam

Of bayonets all deadly set, as in some horrid  
dream.

On, on they dash to where the foe, intrenched and  
daring, waits—

The very air is maddened now, and fraught with  
winging hates;

A struggle of contesting might is clashing in the  
clouds,

And Havoc grants its guerdon grim, but to the  
dead no shrouds.

See! some assault, and some pursue, and some  
retire dismayed :

It is the Southern band that flies ; the victors—  
Smith's Brigade.

Oh ! mighty spasm of human hearts ; oh ! wreck  
of frenzied power ;

The world is told through Glory's trump to mark  
the deed and hour ;

To cherish and exalt the brave, whose heroism  
outshines

In grand enduring memories, and unerasive lines !  
Columbia's life is stronger grown : her chastened  
sons recoil ;

Their blood bedews the valley-heath, and clots  
the mountain-soil ;

A lengthy quiet walks the wild, and noises deep  
and dread

Are hushed as are the lips that close the voices  
of the dead.

No smokes arise to upper air, to lave anon in tears  
The grassy tufts, the glowing shades, that beau-  
tify the years ;  
No more the blaze of war revives, no more the  
deep'ning groans  
Of warrior-souls are murmuring above uncoffined  
bones.

---

## SOCIETY'S SEA.

There arose on the moody breeze of Night  
A voice from Society's Sea ;  
And I reviewed anon a luring light,  
That lit up a wave of blemishless white,  
But I said, "It is not for me."

"It is not for me," I said, as I gazed  
Wide over the varying flood ;  
"For my brain's ablaze, and my heart's amazed,  
To behold sweet Virtue buffeted, dazed,  
And Evil thus conquering Good."

A maidenly form on the stainless wave  
Beamed o'er it in Purity's sheen ;  
'Twas mystic, divine, 'twas sight for the brave,  
And she seemed to surmount Sin and the grave,  
Like Mary, the Cherubim-Queen.

She saw the ripples of Folly afar,  
    Beyond them a deepening waste,  
Unlit by a ray, ungemmed by a star,  
And—dupes that children of Innocence are—  
    Sought in her soul some germ disgraced.

Then a smiling fiend at her side thus spoke,  
    Persuasive as a foe of Heaven—  
“What fear’st thou, angel? yon gloom is the cloak  
That vails a beautiful realm, where the yoke  
    Of exquisite passion is riven !”

An ebony wave upheaved at their feet—  
    She stept from the pure to the vile :  
Oh ! swift are the lurements of glozing Deceit,  
And my heart grew sad that a soul so sweet  
    Society thus should defile.

Not lost ! not lost ! for a youth o'er the wave,  
    As Virtue's knight-errant, pursued—  
Pursued to the bounds of Chastity's grave,  
And the demon's front full merciless clave,  
    With the sword defensive of Good !

And a halo from the morning of grace  
    Shone round the saviour and the saved ;  
And the shadows died from her form and face,  
For she stood again in her virginal place,  
    'Mong the Beautiful, undepraved !

## STANZAS.

Enshrined in Fancy's bowers,  
Bloom bright and tender flowers,  
O'er which the sky oft lowers,  
    And falls the chilly rain ;  
Of beauty, thought-designed,  
Of perfume, soul-refined,  
Smile lilies of the mind,  
    Blush roses of the brain.

Ah ! Melancholy, thou  
Com'st o'er my musings now,  
And specters 'thwart the brow  
    Of Fancy throng amain ;  
And dimming with the light  
That dazzled Reason's sight,  
Expire in mental night  
    The bright bloom of the brain.

## SZEGEDIN.

A city of Hungary, destroyed by flood, March, 1879.

The menacing flood sought Szegedin ;  
The pitiless flood swept Szegedin ;  
For the o'ergorged Theiss broke its bonds,  
When mountain snows, in torrents and ponds,  
Destruction spread to the Magyar plain.  
The prudent work of man was in vain ;  
Vain was the raising of wall or dyke,  
For the watery fiend was strong to strike,  
And the Theiss bore unfriendly force,  
To Szegedin homes in its pampered course.

Woe is the people of Szegedin !  
Have mercy, O Lord, on Szegedin !  
The tempest moves from the bleak northeast,  
The dangers unite, the flood 's increased.  
The Magyar city is in the maw  
Of the monster working Nature's law !  
Brief space, and many thousand lives,  
Of youth and age, of men and of wives,  
Are snatched by the waters pitiless—  
God be their help in bare distress.

Oh, the stricken people of Szegedin !  
Oh, the homeless people of Szegedin !  
They hold out hands to the pitying world,  
From the pitiless waters that have hurled  
Their household treasures and comforts and kin  
To the fate that overcame Szegedin.  
The menacing flood sought Szegedin,  
The storm and waters swept Szegedin,  
And the misery of the Magyar land  
Was postulant for the Helping Hand.

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## TIMOTHY O'BRIEN,

## HERO OF THE "METROPOLIS" WRECK.

"By his own unaided exertions he rescued from the breakers and surf nearly fifty persons."—*Herald report, Feb. 3, 1878.*

---

The soul of a man is such as is proven,  
The hero is such by trial ;  
When dangers and tempests are thickly woven,  
Like the sunshine on a dial,  
The soul impels a man to the mark ;  
The time of action is known by the shade  
Of helpless forms in the surges dark,  
And the hero sees and springs to their aid.

Oh, wild was the scene of wreck and of ocean !  
The ship to her spars was sinking,  
And Death was lifting to many its potion,  
And many of it were drinking ;  
But there was a strong one at the shrouds :  
He watched the peril and terror below,  
Then plunged adown o'er the drowning crowds,  
And pushed ashore through the billowy flow.

Did he rest in the gift of a self-life sadly,  
Heedless of those in the waters ?  
No, no ; he battled with the breakers gladly  
To lessen old Neptune's slaughters ;  
And more than two-score of human lives  
Were saved from the angry, threatening sea ;  
For he tore them from its foamy gyves,  
And placed them again on the landside free.

This is the song that I sing of the hero  
Who has braved the ocean-lion.  
In the name of hearts of blood above zero  
I here thank thee, Tim O'Brien.  
'Tis by such spirits as thine the world  
Is worthier of God's protecting hand ;  
Yet, howe'er by earthly passion hurled,  
May all, at last, come safe to Happy-Land !

## TOLERATION.

Shall toleration yet survive,  
Or bigotry instead ?  
The first kept liberty alive—  
The last would leave it dead.  
The Native, Teuton, Celt and Gaul,  
Upheld the state—uphold it still :—  
It must not, shall not shake and fall  
Through hate of race or creed-bred ill.  
  
The native-born who 'd interdict  
The foreigner, and plot  
To persecute him—take his right—  
Is not a patriot.  
The foreigner who 'd violate  
The nation's principles and laws  
Is not its friend in any strait—  
Is aye the foeman of its cause.  
  
Together strive, commingled men,  
To build our great broad land ;  
The lab'ilers of the plow and pen,  
Or by the brain and hand,  
Should not demolish that or this  
For poor opinion's sake :  
Our happiness no whirlpool is,  
But likelier a useful lake.

## TO THE ANGEL, PEACE.

1865.

Bright angel, Peace ! sublimely thou may'st soar  
Through summer-airs, that erst the fiend of War  
Shook with hideous sounds that grieve no more.

Thy white wings beam in happy purity—  
They ope—beneath them spreads security,  
Confirmed amid the beauties of mountain-land  
and shore.

Bright angel, Peace ! thy smiles fell Discord's  
shades

Dispel, throughout my country's towns and  
glades :

Brave kinsmen sheathe antagonistic blades.

As none thy true clemency accuses,  
'Tis but the obdurate heart refuses  
A fallen brother's friendship, and deems that it  
degrades.

Bright angel, Peace ! flee not away ; thy feet  
In glory walk, thy hands in mercy meet,  
To comfort all, and bless the rip'ning wheat.

Oh ! ne'er let gentle, holy Charity  
With Freedom's sons be as a rarity—  
Shine o'er us, and we 'll love thee with love entranc-  
ing sweet.

## THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

How mournful and meek is the fall of the leaves,  
As prayerful Autumn with fortitude grieves  
For Summer, her sister, immured in the grave :  
    The winds shriek over her,  
    The dun leaves cover her,  
And bleak is the landscape, and dark is the wave.

There's a monody in the fall of the leaves,  
As downward they flit to their cousins, the  
sheaves,  
Broadcast and withering on hill-side and plain :  
    As heaped in the valley,  
    Whose trees creak dismally,  
Bereft of their beauty, lamenting disdain.

No harmonies joy o'er the fall of the leaves,  
And the sorry-eyed sprite of the woodland  
weaves  
A chaplet of decay for the Autumn-king.  
    'Tis Love now gladdens all,  
    For Nature saddens all,  
And I turn from the scene to dream of the Spring.

## THE IRISH WAY.

1888.

Each manageth what is his own—  
    His house, his servants—merchandise ;  
For rulers are the power and throne,  
    For peoples, rights and enterprise.  
Rulers are for peoples given,  
    As the sun is for the day,  
And never is their compact riven  
    When righteous is the ruler's sway.

Each nation, be it weak or strong,  
    Hath aspirations of its own ;  
Its yearnings, many ages long,  
    By sacrificial deeds are shown.  
When Justice lifts her shining sword,  
    Old Tyranny to fright or slay,  
Then rise the nations at her word  
    From out their sorrow and decay.

The Irish nation rises now,  
    With helm of Justice firmly on ;  
The glow of hope's on Erin's brow,  
    The night of servitude is gone !  
She knows the English task that schooled  
    Her, helpless, to perforce obey ;  
But now her claim is to be ruled  
    In nothing but the Irish way.

May Englishmen their island love,  
Its manners, customs, laws respect ;  
They fail all other men above  
The Irish to their ways subject.  
Peace, harmony, good-will and trust  
Will join on Ireland's freedom-day ;  
But Ireland's claim is that she must  
Be ruled in just the Irish way.

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## THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

The Genius of each age records  
Heroic, bright and noble deeds,  
'Midst clash of musketry and swords,  
'Midst tramp of foemen and of steeds.  
O'er Battle's horrid scene of woes,  
Where flashes high the crimsoned glaive,  
The heart a coronal bestows  
To the memory of the Brave.

Thermopylæ and Marathon  
Shine grand as sunlight on the seas ;  
And vivify those heroes gone—  
Leonidas, Miltiades.  
The glories of the Grecian State—  
Rome's prowess on the land and wave--  
Awake the chords of praise elate  
To the Memory of the Brave.

Europa's heather-vales attest  
The valor of Caucasian blood :  
Unawed by tyrant-power unblest,  
The Knights of Freedom stoutly stood.  
Ay, many fought in fierce crusade,  
And many piled the hallowed grave—  
Let not polluted tongues upbraid  
The darling Mem'ry of the Brave.

Upon the blooming Western Land  
The flash of warry lightnings came ;  
Victory smiled on Freedom's band,  
And Tyranny crouched low in shame.  
Where rest the valiant—spirit-free—  
Oblivion's tide shall never lave ;  
For heart-enshrined will ever be  
The Mem'ry of the faithful Brave.

Let nations honor, long and well,  
The noble hearts that pine and bleed  
On battle-ground, in martyr-cell,  
And plant 'midst horrors Freedom's seed.  
Oh, green in Recollection's maze  
Be ev'ry patriot hero's grave :  
Posterity its voice will raise  
And bless the Mem'ry of the Brave !

## THE OUTCAST'S GRAVE.

Apart from the rest, in the dark clod alone,  
With noxious weeds and rank herbage o'ergrown,  
Is seen the outcast's grave.

There's not e'en a slab or purchaseless stone,  
Save the pebbly ones, o'er the dust unknown,  
That human tears ne'er lave.

Oh, why reposes this remnant of dust  
Companionless, far from the lauded just,  
In such a dreary grave?

"She Virtue scorned," say those mortals whose  
trust  
Seems holy, "her life was darkened with lust,  
And sank where demons rave!"

Charity! how true is the baleful tale  
Of this worthless earth in its darksome jail,  
That Pity's tear would crave?

It erst had a spirit, like those who rail,  
And heart of love, and cheeks of bloom, now  
pale—  
Dead in the outcast's grave!

Why place it lonely here, why is 't not found  
Among the rest, with white mausoleums crowned,  
    Within a cherished grave ?  
Though Sin, forsooth, has piled the outcast's  
    mound,  
Can native earth pollute its native ground,  
    Has Sin no other slave ?

There's interest here : a vision gaunt appears,  
As meditation drifts adown the years,  
    On Time's uncertain wave.  
Humanity ! she shrinks not at your jeers,  
She's dead—the clouds but mourn, and drop  
    their tears  
Upon the outcast's grave !

---

## THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

When Misrule's night  
    Wrapt lord and slave,  
And gloomed the light  
    That Glory gave,  
Above the West  
    Burst forth a sign—

To lords unblest,  
To slaves divine—  
And thus the glorious symbol ran :  
“TO ALL BELONG THE RIGHTS OF MAN !”

The tyrant frowned,  
The courtier threw  
His gauntlet, bound  
With favors new ;  
And as it fell,  
Thus challenged he  
The world, whose spell  
Was Liberty :  
“The power of kings shall crush and ban  
Who dare uphold the Rights of Man !”

Ten thousand swords,  
In patriot hands,  
Gleamed round the words  
That woke all lands  
With fervent hope,  
And brave desire,  
Misrule to cope  
With, and acquire  
In halls of State, and Battle’s van,  
The vindicated Rights of Man.

And since that hour,  
When Tyranny  
Reeled 'neath the power  
Of Liberty,  
The exiled found  
A refuge bright—  
A vantage-ground  
To Wrong requite,  
And come to triumph as they can,  
By Power of God and Rights of Man.

---

## THE SHAMROCK AND LAUREL.

There's a lofty love abounding  
In the emblem of a land ;  
There's a fellowship, confounding  
The evil mind and hand,  
In the token of a nation,  
In the flow'ret of a race ;  
And a multiform oblation  
Is lifted by the grace  
And patriotism of millions—

To the hearthstones, homes and hamlets,  
Where gush the native fountains ;  
To the valleys, groves and streamlets,  
The cities and the mountains—  
With a pride as high as Ilion's !

As the Lily was the glory  
Of the olden flag of France,  
As the Rose illumes the story  
Of Albion's advance—  
In the Shamrock is communion  
Of all Irish faith and love,  
And the Laurel crowns the union  
Of grandeurs interwove  
Round the temple of the Chainless.  
To the Laurel fill libations,  
The cup with Shamrocks wreathing ;  
And before the monarch-nations  
Raise the symbol—breathing  
Equal Rights—to lordlings gainless !

Interweave the lowly Shamrock,  
Freedom's Laurel to endow ;  
Ay, unite with Ireland's Shamrock  
Columbia's Laurel-bough—  
For there 's hope and help unchary  
Columbia's skies beneath,

And from ev'ry cliff and prairie  
To Erin's hills of heath,  
Salutations clear and cheerful  
Resound across the ocean,  
And Celts, in might increasing,  
With patriot emotion,  
Vow in their souls unceasing :  
“WE WILL AID THEE, MOTHER TEARFUL !”

---

## THE STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

Rise ! brother-bard, rehearse with me  
The past, that was futurity,  
And up the shining hills of thought  
Muse o'er the deeds that men have wrought,  
And on the bright Parnassian peak  
These words of meditation speak :  
In the struggle is the triumph.

Hail ! gracious youth, thou too may'st come ;  
Leave passion's revel, pleasure's hum,  
The strife, the jealousy, the guilt,  
The recklessness of error's tilt.  
Thy soul, confirmed in noblest light,  
Will 'vow at last—"for truth and right  
In the struggle is the triumph."

O sage—most rev'rend are thy years,  
Transfixing folly, less'ning tears—  
Come, thou shalt teach me many things  
Of earth, air, sea ; of paupers, kings ;  
Of angels bred in poverty,  
Of demons reared in luxury,  
    Of the struggle and the triumph.

Youth linked to age, and bard to bard,  
Stand forth, united for reward !  
And whether on the mount or plain,  
In town or forest, still retain  
The soul above the diadem,  
As champion of the apothegm,  
    In the struggle is the triumph.

---

## TO TRAGEDY.

## A SONNET.

Hail ! sublime offspring of the mimic Muse,  
As from her cloud-wrapt throne thy powers infuse  
Earth's Genius with brain-ennobling fires ;  
Whereby depicted are men's passions, ires,  
And what their souls contain, that all may see  
Profound existence in epitome !

Thy sphere is where the dim and narrow stage  
Unfolds a massive world. Thy Love and Rage  
Are there revealed, as in Time's wider scene  
They burn, transpire; racking the jeweled queen  
And her subject-slave with passionate power  
Alike, though placed distinct, as speeds the hour—  
The circumstantial hour of human life,  
In which, O Tragedy, Love rules with Rage and  
Strife!

---

## VALES AND MOUNTAINS.

There is a laughter and a grief  
In all the world of thought and act;  
There is oppression and relief  
In fancy, as there is in fact.  
The new-born rise, the aged sink,  
The cradle and the hearse  
United hold, united link  
A blessing and a curse.

Deep vales there are in every life,  
And mountains, where the soul may climb,  
And, utilizing peace and strife,  
Affirm its energies sublime.

As man and man, robust and weak,  
The toiler and the lord,  
The same air breathe, the same tongue speak,  
But walk not in accord.

Grand nations groan within the vales,  
And each one wears a thorny crown;  
While on the mountains wind the trails  
Of empires, struggling up and down.  
The spirit-flames of Freedom burn—  
Loud Revolutions roar—  
The monarchs shrink, the peoples yearn,  
And strike from shore to shore.

As go the years, ill-fated lands  
Fall to the vales, bereft of power;  
Exalted lurk tyrannic bands,  
To warn and ward the vengeful hour—  
The hour when from the vales arise  
The erst-bound, strong and free,  
To hurl them from the peaks and skies  
Designed for Liberty !

## VERSES ABOUT A BLACKTHORN.

“It came from the heart of Ireland,  
Not far from old Athlone”;  
Thus spake an Irishman to me  
As night was midway grown.  
'Twas in a mighty city,  
Abode of wrong and pity.

“At the house I have another;  
Welcome you are to this”:  
He held up a trusty Blackthorn  
To meet the moonlight's kiss.  
“In places of the stranger,  
Defense 'twill be from danger.”

I took in my hand the Blackthorn—  
Accepted it, in fact—  
Fully grateful to the giver  
For his spontaneous act.  
The Blackthorn was a good one,  
A true one, though a rude one.

Hence I placed it with a maker,  
To fit it to my length,  
And the cane came from his workshop  
In beauty as in strength ;  
Of buffalo horn the handle,  
Wherewith its staff to dandle.

It is oft my one companion,  
All hours upon my walks ;  
And no Irishman that sees it  
But stops and of it talks.  
Admired where'er I take it,  
I may not bend or break it.

---

## VICTORY AND GLORY.

As the spirit o'er the body in excellency presides,  
And the health of river-waters is flushed by quick-  
'ning tides,  
The victory is excellent that heightens men in soul,  
And base the victory that brings but sordid earth-  
control;  
And the glory of a nation is not in blood-bought  
lands,

Whereon horrid-faced Oppression in fear and  
menace stands,  
But in goodness of its rulers, that rule by Chris-  
tian laws—  
Strong, lion-like, yet dove-like, mild—of happiness  
the cause.

Oh, the thought of life is constant, rallying to the  
mind  
A sorrowing long procession of vanquished  
human kind.  
The conqueror is worldliness, whose wisdom  
marks the ban—  
Ambition is the spirit-chief and Folly's in the van!  
It is a specious victory, that of the worldly strong,  
No victory for God or man's the victory of wrong;  
True glory, shining as the sun above all conflicts  
clear,  
Is service of the Sovereign Lord, above all  
sovereigns here!

By the scorn of just Religion, by worship of the  
State,  
By straining, bursting of the bonds that bind a  
nation great,  
By lurements of licentiousness, that's tyranny  
disguised,

Without the Truth eternal—immortal, though despised,  
What glory rises on the world, of everlasting gleam,  
To light the chiefs and peoples to where bliss is not a dream?—  
What triumphs raise the human race, struggling from the fall?—  
None, none; there's final overthrow—no victory at all!

---

## W A R.

Pulsing in violent, feverish throbs,  
Wildly, recklessly dashing,  
Life flows red, and its groans and its sobs  
Follow the saber's clashing.  
The tufts of the plain,  
The rocks of the height,  
Bear up the brave slain,  
As battle's fierce light  
'Midst pallid smoke is flashing.

Horsemen and infantry rush to the shock,  
Storming, defending, flying,  
And shouts of "Victory" cruelly mock  
The pangs of soldiers dying.

The thunders of strife,  
On morning's sweet breath,  
Now quicken warm Life,  
Now horrify Death,  
While hearts afar are sighing.

As bivouac-fires, through lengthening years,  
Illume grand woodlands nightly,  
I pray that joy may follow the tears  
That trickle sad, yet brightly—  
That flowers may upbreathe  
O'er warrior-graves ;  
And war-ships, beneath  
Oceanic waves,  
Decay unseen, unsightly !

---

## WEALTH NO MERIT.

Though philosophers curb emotions,  
Divines anath'matize pride,  
Humanity still has its notions,  
As the sea its changing tide ;  
And the glitter of wealth lures about it  
The weakest, the fairest, ay, those  
Who 'd banish the cynic who 'd flout it,  
And scoff at its tinsel'd woes !

See the genius, with garments tattered,  
Grasping his manuscript-roll,  
In his nook, by the wild winds battered—  
Who comforts his mighty soul?  
Not the simpering levees that gather  
In false, luxurious ease ;  
Not the lovers of fashion—but rather  
The unrecognized of these !

Humanity ! rise, as you rally  
From Pride's insidious snares ;  
Full worthy, as flowers of the valley  
That sweeten the mountain airs !  
Let fools all follies inherit,  
And Intellect sovereign be ;  
Then none will be great without merit,  
Then Talent and Truth shall be free !

## FROM "ZILLORA, A TALE."

(Published in 1869.)

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### CROWS CAW FROM PINE AND OAK.

Crows caw from pine and oak,  
The oxen bear the yoke,  
Elysium is unfound  
Throughout terrestrial round ;  
But there is minted gold,  
Earth's pageants to emboss ;  
So yellow, false, and cold—  
Too oft the spirit's loss—  
It gleams all human ways across.

## DEAR POWER OF LOVE.

Dear Power of Love—that binds  
Hearts to hearts, minds to minds,  
In fond attachments all ;  
That cheers, though crimes appall—  
Though earthquakes shake the soil,  
And Mis'ry's wretches groan  
'Midst Luxury and Toil ;  
That builds its rosy throne  
On Nature's altitude alone !

Dear Power of Love ! to thee  
Succumbs Philosophy ;  
And men and angels are  
Thy lamps, as sun and star  
Are servant-orbs of God.  
Within thy happy sway,  
The presences that sod  
And flow'ring wild display  
Exalt the universal clay !

## IN SEARCH OF TREASURE-TROVE.

In search of treasure-trove,  
What perils, rudely wove,  
Beset the buccaneer.  
Warily doth he steer  
Tow'rd land: when out at sea,  
How boldly wings his ship,  
From hull to topmast free !  
Ah ! outlaw, thou shalt sip  
Of av'rice, though it burn thy lip !

Revert thee, mindful strain  
To noonday o'er old Spain ;  
To noonday 'mong the hills,  
Musical with the trills  
Of woodland choristry :  
Where, ancient as the Moors,  
An abbey, ruined, wry  
And moldering, allures  
Most picturesquely, and assures

The skeptic: As decay  
Blurs Nature's grandest day,  
So in the soul's full glow  
Live memories of woe,  
And shrinking dread of Death.  
Since all that's human errs,  
Preserving Virtue's breath,  
No miracle occurs  
When skeptics turn philosophers !

## NIGHT.

Awful Spirit of Night !  
Thy lone and solemn flight  
Enforces deepest thought,  
And meditation fraught  
With fantasies and dreams.  
Thy wings the land and wave  
O'erspread, concealing beams—  
Save when, through Heaven's concave,  
The moon and stars thy shadows brave.

The poet cons his verse,  
The worldling counts his purse ;  
The lover wildly vows  
His mistress to espouse ;

The outcast by-lanes roves,  
The debauchee insane  
Through Pleasure's orgies moves—  
A demon in his brain—  
While thou, O Night, o'er earth remain.

To children's eyelids comes  
Soft sleep, pervading homes  
Of Poverty and Wealth.  
Lovingly, and by stealth,  
Each mother kisses each  
Young flower, then woos repose ;  
Ere which her prayers beseech  
God's sunshine on her rose,  
Whose bud new-opes, unwise of snows !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Oh, why should grief survive  
The Night, or if alive  
When Joy o'er Nature comes,  
Why lurks it in fair homes,  
A torment-shade?—till Life  
Implores in spirit-woe :  
“Blest Heaven ! undo this strife—  
Sweet Saviour, let thy glow  
Descend and soothe me, sad and low !”

## THE GRAVE.

What whim of yearning age  
Impelled the hill-side sage—  
Zillora's antique sire?—  
His spirit flamed with fire  
Of resurrected dreams,  
That verified old Love  
Undying. Ah! there beams  
Unchanged, below, above,  
But Nature's truth her truth to prove.

He prayed beside a mound,  
Hedged and violet-crowned:  
A wreath of rosemary  
Was held in his chary  
Embrace—Zillora's gift.  
His eyes were tear-bedimmed,  
As under the blue lift  
He knelt, and his locks rimmed  
The sod, by bounteous beauty limned.

It was the rest of one—  
Than whom this world has none  
More pure in loving, true  
In trials, blisses too!—

Like whom there's no other  
On earth, in Heaven, so dear—  
A kind, pious mother.  
And that spot revered sere  
And green had grown many a year.

Zillora's mother there  
Slept beneath that mound, fair  
With cultured grass and flowers.  
How oft the duty's ours,  
O fellow-men, in deep,  
Yet conscious reverie,  
To wander and to weep,  
'Midst hills and by the sea,  
O'er ashes of mortality !

## THE PAGE.

Birds and flowers holy things  
Oft memorize ; the wings  
Of Thought irradiant shine,  
Upbearing themes divine,  
Blest by their communion.  
Oh, see ! a vision now  
Reveals a reunion—  
Where rests the homely plow,  
Where warblers chant and blossoms blow.

Humanity ! in these  
Creations, formed to please  
The passion-fretted soul,  
There is, though dirges toll  
In slow, sad succession,  
A happiness innate—  
Nature's warm expression—  
That bids bright Virtue wait  
Erect, and Vice crouch to its fate.

Hark !—from the willow-dell  
Chimes out the chapel bell,  
Clear, solemn music, to  
The many and the few.  
How such sounds admonish  
Mad revelers in guilt !—  
But they none astonish,  
In broad Christian lands, built  
With altars, 'fore which fals'ties wilt.

Down an arched aisle of trees  
And trellises, where bees  
And orioles hummed and sung,  
And floral drap'ries hung,  
Zillora humbly sped—

Like an angel, earth-bound ;  
With her, faithful Hamed,  
Her boy-companion, crowned  
With favors, as with flowers the ground.

Her page he was, and mild,  
Whom, when a tearful child,  
Vivanco plucked from doom  
Of ocean, and its gloom.  
Wooing sublimity,  
Nobleness he gained of  
Manner and symmetry :  
His thoughts for utt'rance strove  
In melodies that sound above.

A bard, forsooth ! his lays  
Zillora's saddened days  
Diverted, and his sweet  
Rhyme-numbers were discreet,  
And flowed from Holiness—  
True inspiration's fount.  
Nature was his mistress—  
In valley and on mount—  
Whose charms he tired not to recount.

On smiles, by woman given,  
Is reared the poet's Heaven ;  
And though his passions rage  
Infuriate, and wage  
Their lustful war : o'er all,  
E'en in the direst hour,  
Beams a song-coronal,  
Of intellectual dower,  
That aye bespeaks the godlike power.

Th' empyrean o'er him,  
The glories before him,  
Around him, melting afar—  
Where the linked mountains bar  
The eye from the vast beyond,  
And hem the Beautiful  
In an azure-tint bond  
Of dreams ; from these to cull  
Delight, he'd earth's base scenes annul !

## THE WANDERER.

O guardian spirits of the good—  
Alert in light of holy ray—  
Watch o'er his hours of solitude,  
And, when temptations crowd the way,  
Breathe on his soul and keep him true  
To country, friends, and native loam—  
His heart to blest endeavors woo,  
And urge the wanderer home.

A trusty welcome waits him there ;  
Though 'tis alone a wife's embrace  
That wreathes with love his breast of care,  
How dear becomes the lowliest place !  
Winds, waves, and sails propitious be—  
While sunshine sparkles on the foam  
That crests the billows of the sea—  
And bear the wanderer home !

## THE WATCHER.

Upon a hill-side lone,  
Whose less'ning shades were thrown  
Like black robes on the lawn,  
An old man sat at dawn—  
A relic of the Day  
That grappled Change, and died  
Before the new away !  
A staff was at his side,  
And down the wold his fleecy pride.

Calm as the scene, his eye—  
Glancing anon on high,  
And then earthward sinking—  
Wandered ; as though drinking  
Soul-draughts from the fountains  
Of ethereal Hope,  
Fortitude from mountains,  
Patience from plain and slope ;  
And through the vales his mind would grope

In thoughts of many themes,  
\* That deepened into dreams  
And phantasms of the tomb ;  
Till, 'midst the lily-bloom  
And rose-emblazonry,  
That bowered plain and wood,  
Where streamlets poured to sea,  
Roused Recollection stood—  
A sorrowed angel, there to brood !

A shout upon the coast ;  
A trumpet sound that's lost  
In echoes 'mong the hills ;  
A ship, whose broad sail fills  
With inward breezes soft,  
To her moorings speeding :  
Casting the spray aloft—  
Waves aplay impeding—  
Oh, 'twas dignity exceeding !

All these the watcher heard  
And saw, nor uttered word ;  
But grasped his staff, and rose  
Benignant in his woes.

Adown the copse-screened glen,  
And o'er the clovered green,  
He journeyed : then, oh, then,  
His visage, pale of sheen,  
Revealed delight—long, long unseen.

Oh, mightily rejoice—  
United heart and voice  
Of city, hamlet, home—  
When tidings gladsome come  
Of famous wanderer !  
Those of the wayward child  
Inspire a holier  
Joy ; that beams like the mild  
Young day, through nightly storm-clouds  
wild !

## ZILLORA'S SONG.

There flew a little bird to me,  
It nestled in my virgin breast ;  
I could not tell it to be free,  
'Twas in its gentle thrall so blest—  
'Twas in its gentle thrall so blest,  
So joyous with supernal glee,  
That it would seek no other nest,  
In grove, or vale, or summer lea.

It came unseen, 'twas all my own ;  
It sang so heavenly day by day,  
That ev'ry thought took up its tone,  
And mused no more the roundelay—  
And mused no more the roundelay  
Of wilds and waters, bloom-o'ergrown ;  
Borne by a mystic power away  
To dreams of light and joy unknown.

Methinks my little minstrel flew,  
A cherub, from the highest sky ;  
So unlamenting and so true,  
If 'twere to die I too would die—  
If 'twere to die I too would die,  
And soar the heavens beyond the blue ;  
My heart should then have lost the tie  
That binds me, husband, unto you !

## ZILLORA'S VISITOR.

A rustic child, a girl,  
With golden hair a-curl,  
And tiny feet and eyes,  
That were for rhapsodies  
Fit themes. To Zillora  
She as a morning bliss  
Was wont to come.

\* \* \* \*

She brought full daintily,  
Though not in filigree,  
The fairest sisters of  
The gardened vale and grove ;  
Intertwined with mosses  
From the brook-shore, and shells,  
Shaped like Christian crosses,  
For chaste minds—wherein dwells  
Affection for what Vice repels.

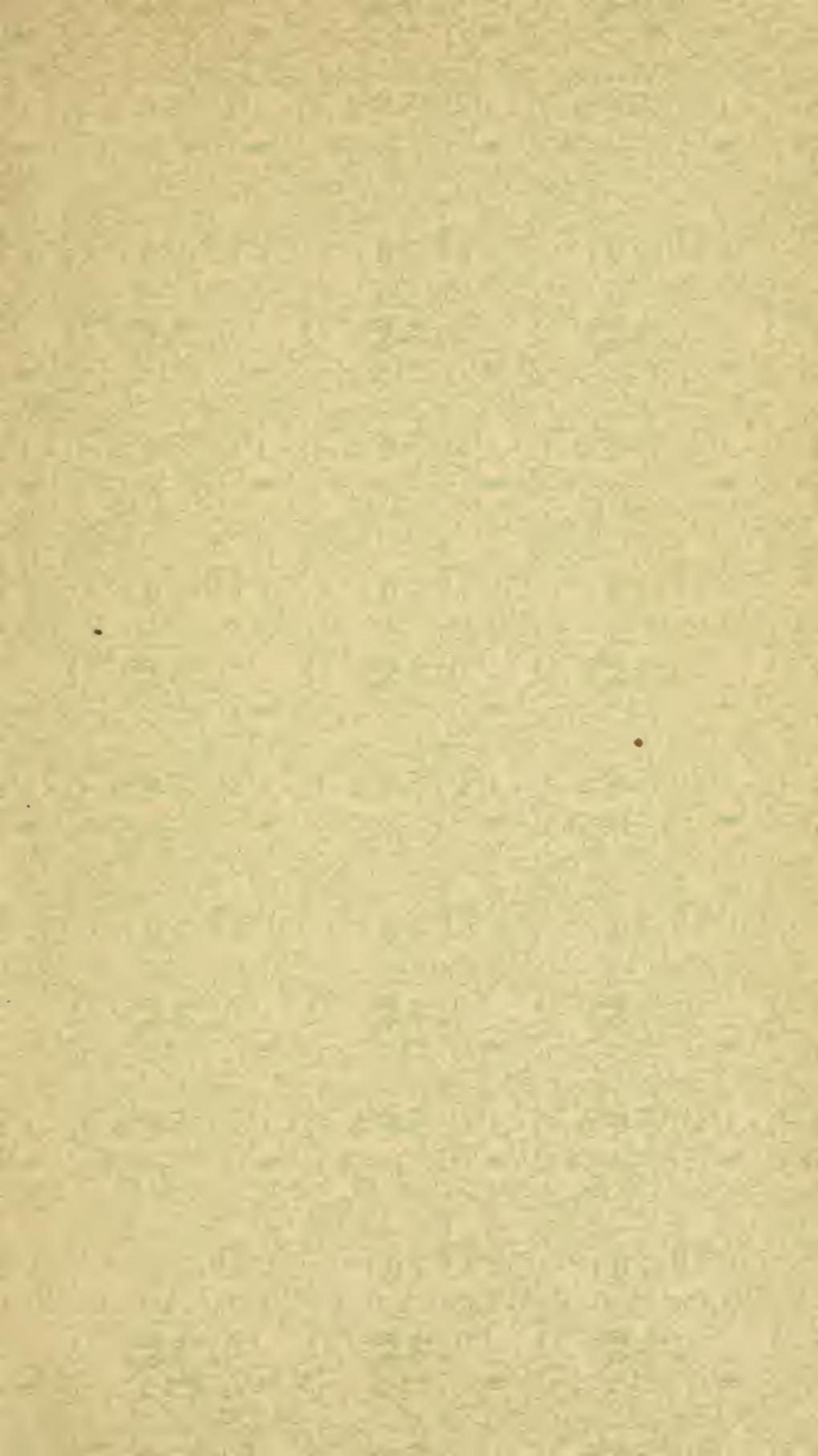
From basket of shore-reeds  
Those treasures peeped—from weeds'  
Embraces newly culled—  
To smile, and then be dulled !  
And Zillora placed them,  
Dripping dews, in a vase,  
Glossed with many a gem  
And emblem of the race  
From which Vivanco sprang, to grace.











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